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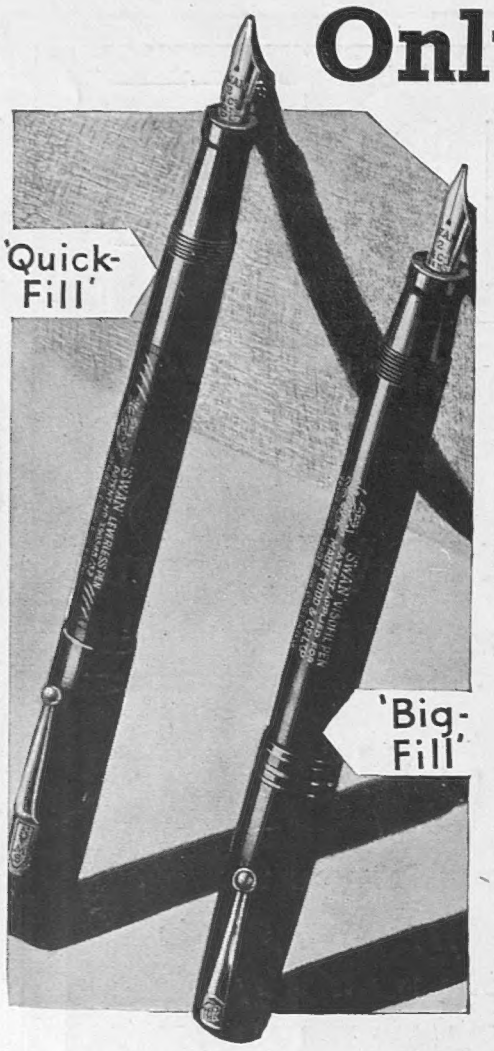

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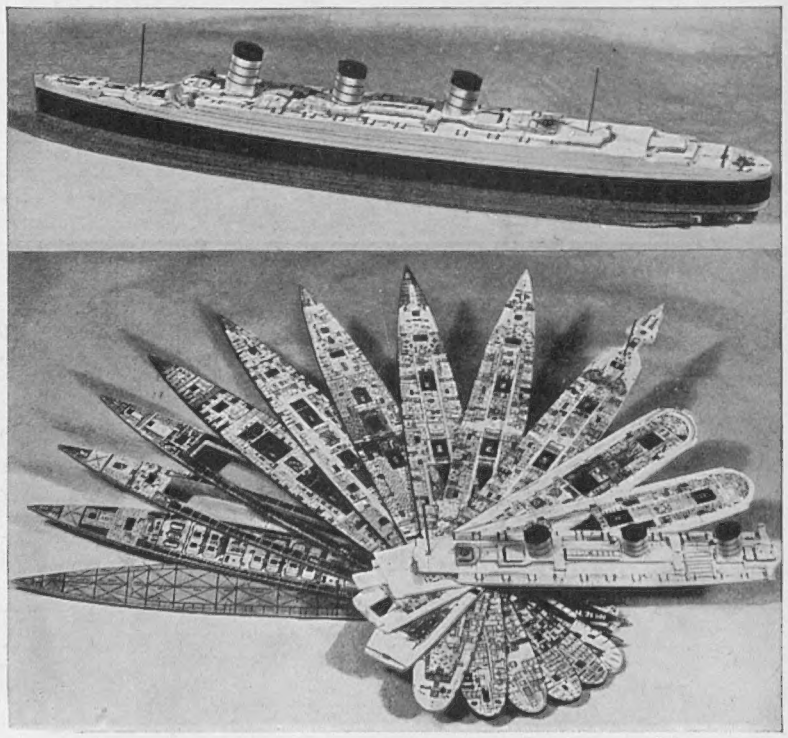

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 8, 1936

THE KING'S FLOATING HOLIDAY HOME

The Yacht "Nahlin" Sets Out from Southampton for the Mediterranean

Lady Yule's 1,500-ton yacht, *Nahlin*, is pictured here as she left Southampton last Saturday bound for the Mediterranean, where, at a point not disclosed at the time of writing, she will be joined by King Edward and his party for a holiday cruise along the Dalmatian coast, a part of the Adriatic offering a variety of wild and romantic scenery, and ideal for bathing, fishing, yachting, and sunbathing. *Nahlin*, built in 1930 by John Brown and Co. of Clydebank, is one of the finest craft of her kind, ranking in the luxury of her accommodation with Mr. J. P. Morgan's *Corsair* and with *Nourmahal*, often used by President Roosevelt. Up to two years ago she had cruised more than 200,000 miles, an equivalent of eight times round the world, journeying during her career to the Baltic, the Grecian Isles, the West Indies, the Galapagos Isles, Hawaii, Tahiti, New Zealand, and Australia. The yacht, which is capable of a speed of 17 knots and is noted for freedom from noise and vibration, has two owner's suites and six guest staterooms, while there is a spacious dining saloon (*illustrated on right*), drawing and sitting rooms, and a library decorated in period styles. Among the guests who, it is expected, will join the King are Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, the Earl of Dudley, and Mr. Duff Cooper (the War Minister)

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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK GO DOWN A DURHAM MINE: Her Royal Highness, wearing a white overall, with a red scarf round her head, and carrying a heavy walking stick and safety lamp, during her visit to Kibblesworth Colliery, when she descended the new Glamis pit with her husband and made an extended inspection of the workings. This was on the second day of the five-day Royal tour of the north-east coast

A London Newsletter

32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, August 5, 1936.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS?

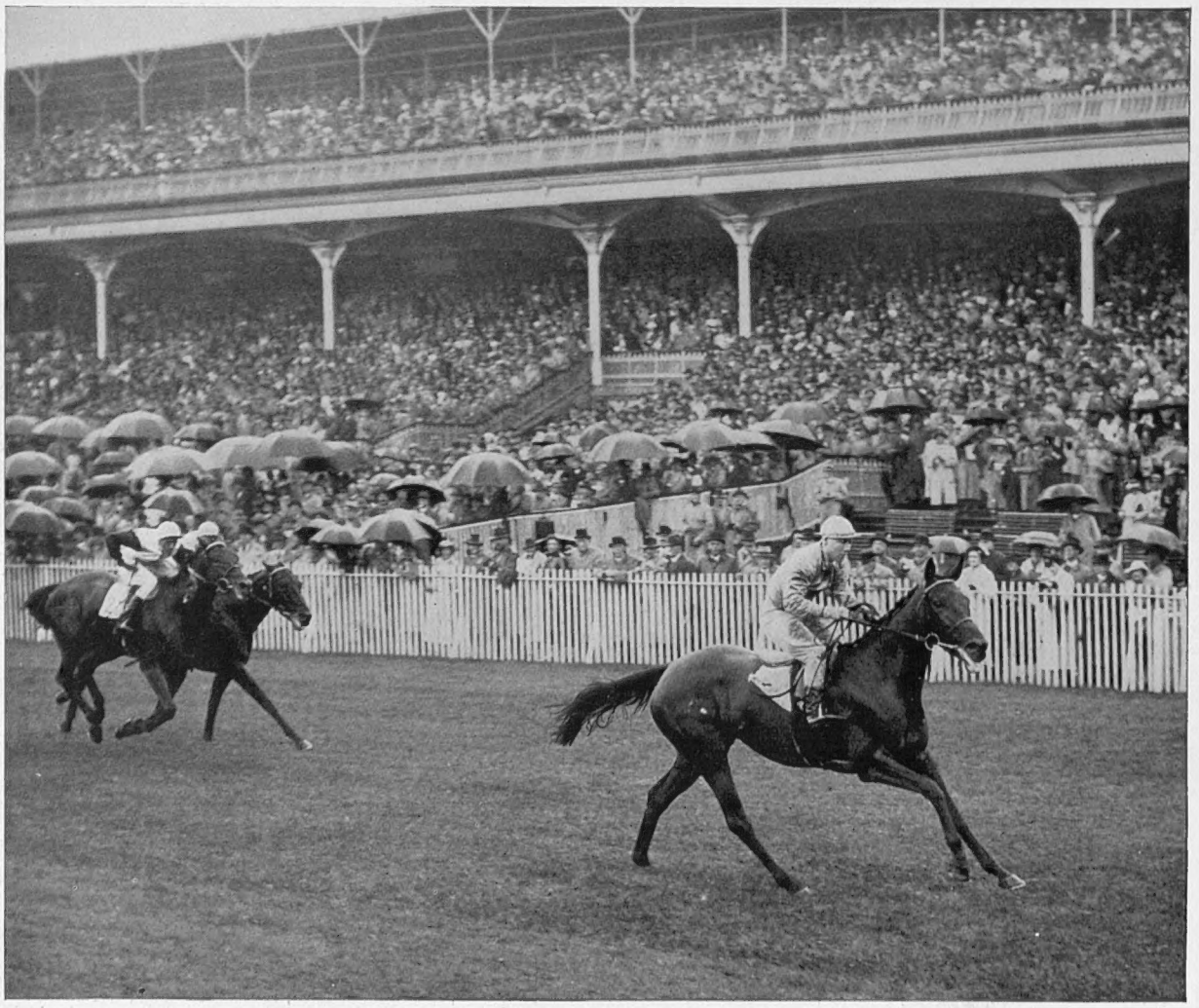
—Things are better. Even with the Spanish stew boiling over, all thinking men in this country are beginning to feel that a rift is showing in the black clouds over Europe. There is a little more hope of restraint, sanity, and agreement. Mr. Eden's speech cleared the air, was well received, and left room for a vestige of confidence. There are three or four "bull" points of which too little has been made. One is a curiously seasonal point unconnected with political circumstances. The end of August and the first half of September is usually a time of sanity in civilisation—a lucid interval. Why it is so I do not know, but I have noticed it often. I fancy it is due in part to the fact that so many men have restored their frayed nerves by holidays and quiet reflection. There is usually a mild boom on 'Change at this time also—a sign of returning confidence, and things are usually easier when Parliaments are not sitting. Second, we have not given sufficient credit to the little slice of security offered by the German-Austrian pact. Looked at in retrospect it is a clear advance towards confidence. For a time at least it removes an imminent cause of anxiety from the troubled scene. And, third, the Dardanelles Agreement. Cynicism apart, this conference on a ticklish subject turned out to be a mild triumph for the modern or peaceful methods of settlement, and the agreement come to has a very important, if less observable, result. It keeps Italy in the concert of Europe. The Dardanelles Agreement surely holds the door open to Italy, and Italy can hardly neglect that open door in the course of the next few months. There are hopes for September. Let us go on our holidays in a rather more cheerful mood and shed some of our doubts and suspicions and hates in the sea or scatter them on the mountain breezes.

SPAIN.

—Do we know any more than we did last week or a fortnight ago of the truth, and the political groupings, and the advantages gained by the protagonists, in the Spanish Revolution? If you asked an intelligent man, who reads the serious papers and has a reputation for keeping abreast of the times in European politics, to give you a very short outline of the position there, of the political labels of the rival parties and of the objects each party has in view, could he make that outline and make it intelligible to you or to himself? He could not; I have tried him. He spluttered and went out. He was utterly at sea, like the rest of us, including the trained foreign correspondents of the Press. We do know that this revolution is a very serious one; that Spanish revolutionaries have learned a lesson after years of damp-squibbing and pot-house plotting and have given thought and careful preparation to this internecine struggle for power in Spain. And it does look as though my original rough idea was broadly correct—that, while a Government, at least republican and bourgeois in colour, which in peace depended for its survival on the Socialist - Communist majority vote, is left to restore order out of the chaos, the great protagonists—Communists and Fascists—are at each other's throats in a death-struggle all over Spain, each setting up its hasty ideal form of Government wherever it snatches a momentary local supremacy. Each protagonist party recognises that the Government, whether it restore order or no, will collapse and disappear when the bloodshed is over, and believes that the fate of Spain will be decided ultimately by a Communist or Fascist régime, acting by methods as constitutional as conditions admit; acting *vi et armis* if conditions demand it. Meanwhile the struggle is drawing Europe in, costing foreign nations an enormous amount of expense and anxiety and raising ticklish questions as between nations which were better left simmering until September.

RESHUFFLING THE PACK.

—A reshuffling of the Government pack—involving the lesser Court cards—was announced last week to take effect on September 1. It was largely the result of a promise by Mr. Baldwin to give the Ministries of Agriculture and Foreign Affairs spokesmen in the Lords. Lord Feversham obtains office to speak for Agriculture in the Upper House and Lord Plymouth becomes Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Hudson's move looks at first sight like a step-back; the Minister of Pensions becomes Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Health. Actually to-day the latter is the more important job. The Pensions Minister has an automatic function to perform which of course annually decreases in scope. My comment on the reshuffle is in general terms:— This last decade has afforded a great opportunity to any ambitious young peer who would put himself to the trouble of working and gaining knowledge to push himself rapidly to the fore. Able and industrious young peers are badly wanted and hard to find. Those who have shown those qualities have gained their reward in public life. The pity and the surprise are that so few have taken the golden opportunity. Three or four have come



A RUNAWAY VICTORY AT NOT SO GLORIOUS GOODWOOD: Mrs. C. L. Mackean's Solerina (E. Smith up) easily winning the Stewards' Cup from Angel Bread and Braemar on the opening day of the famous meeting, which was marred by torrential rain and from a fashion point of view was almost as dismal an affair as that tragic Ascot of a few years back. This time, however, spectators came prepared for bad weather, for the most part wearing neat tailored coats and skirts instead of the filmy frocks usually associated with this great social event

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ITALY'S STRENGTH IN THE AIR: A New Aeronautical Headquarters and Airport in Rome

HIGH OVER THE CAPITAL: One of the new three-motored bombers on its way to the newly-constructed airport in Rome. The curious double-edged effect on the wing stretching to the right-hand side of the picture is due to the band of distinctive colouring which distinguishes these bombers

THE NEW AIR MINISTRY AND AIRPORT IN ROME: An aerial view of the new building opened a few weeks ago by Signor Mussolini. This huge edifice took two years to construct at a cost of 4,000,000 lire

PLANES ON PARADE: A line of fast bombers, their fuselages glinting in the sunshine, striking evidence of Italy's aerial strength. The Italian Cabinet recently approved an increase of 1,000 new planes

BUILT FOR SPEED: A NEW THREE-MOTORED ITALIAN BOMBER

An interesting item of Italian aviation news was mentioned in a recent issue of *Vie dell Aria*. It was stated that a new convention had been concluded with Germany to the effect that the latter country would be enabled to use one of the Dodecanese Islands as a landing place, Italy reserving the right to exclusive use of this island in the event of airway connections being established with Palestine

THE DANGERS of the ALPINE MOUNTAINEERING SEASON

THE FAMOUS CONICAL PEAK OF THE MATTERHORN: One of the most popular of the climbable peaks in the Pennine Alps. It rises to a height of 14,771 ft. Under certain conditions the mountain can be climbed readily enough, but as Mr. F. S. Smythe points out in a recent volume, it can challenge the most experienced. If the climber spends the night at the Schwartzee Hotel the climb can be made in 9 hours

WHY do people climb mountains? The original climbers, who were chamois hunters and crystal seekers, climbed for a living. But why do people climb mountains for fun?

I'll tell you. I'll also tell you why some of them never return alive.

There's a mountain bug which gets into the blood of a climber on his first expedition, and which draws him back to the peaks year after year. It is not for the view that he sweats to the summit of Snowdon or the Matterhorn, but to practise his mountain craft, to combat the dangers, both hidden and apparent, that lurk amongst the higher peaks, to challenge Nature in her ficklest moods and to beat her.

Many climbers never return from their trips. It is said that fools go where angels fear to tread, and the peaks do not suffer fools gladly. That is why there are so many Alpine accidents; fools, in the guise of tourists, unsuitably shod and unacclimatised to altitudes, tackle peaks irrespective of snow conditions, and without the rudimentary climbing principles. They climb alone, or are pulled up the Wetterhorn precipices by an infuriated and sweating guide so that they can tell their friends they have climbed the peak!

In 1931—a black year—there were seventy-nine deaths and over 200 people reported missing in the Alps alone. These figures were given in August with the season unfinished by six weeks. Last year the death-roll neared the 200 mark, and a very large proportion of those killed were tourist-climbers.

Those of you who have only trudged up Snowdon cannot possibly imagine the conditions the average Alpine mountaineer meets and the dangers that await him. I will not give technical details of those dangers but will quote some accidents that will show why climbers sometimes perish.

A party of climbers, after gaining the summit by the ice-falls on the north face of the Jungfrau, fell 2,000 ft. on their way down as a result of racing another party back to the hut. Carelessness and high spirits—common faults—killed them.

The accident to the four Eton masters some years ago was the result of melting snow "balling" or clogging up the crampon's spikes which were strapped to their feet. It was presumed one man slipped on the ice and the rest were unable to hold him on the rope.

The King of the Belgians died through his rope slipping from around the knob (belay) of rock on which he was lowering himself.

In August of last year two experts decided to scale the 5,000 ft. precipice of the Eiger, a 13,000 ft. giant. Armed with ropes, "pitons" (pegs), axes, a week's food and tent-bags, they set off. After three days climbing and three nights roped to a piton driven into some precarious ledge, a storm arose and they were never seen again. Only last week two Bavarians and two Austrians lost their lives on the same mountain face, their bodies dangling on ropes fixed to pitons which they had driven into the rock during their ascent.

This precipice is said to be unclimbable; these several climbers tried to prove otherwise. And during last season two Germans who were equally daring in attempting such a freak climb on the 14,800 ft. Matterhorn lived to tell the tale, but only at the cost of their fingers, which they lost through frost-bite. A lone climber on the same peak was blown off by a gust of wind and fell 4,000 ft. in 1933.

Other climbers, dozens of them, have been hurled to death when a knob of rock upon which they trusted their lives has given way. Tumbling, roaring, seething snow avalanches have overtaken them at the speed of an express train and swept them into eternity. Rocks, chasing each other down gulleys, tumbling over each other and swelling in numbers every moment, are an everlasting danger.

The glaciers, riven with crevasses hundreds of feet deep, must be crossed to gain some peaks. Armed with ropes, ice-axes and "claws" strapped to their boots, the climbers cut steps up the smooth ice and make their way slowly upwards. A slip means death hundreds of feet below in an ice-world from which there is no escaping.

The rope might snap with their fall, or be cut by the sharp ice edges. Incidentally, an Alpine rope can take a strain of three and a half tons

(Continued on page 236)

CLIMBING VIGNETTES FROM THE ALPS: *On the left* is a study of a climbing party made high above the Bergell Valley in the Grisons, while *on the right* is shown an interesting moment when the climber is studying some unwelcome conditions which have arisen. The picture was taken during an unsuccessful attempt to cross the Obergletchen Ice Fall. The heat of the midday sun had been playing havoc with falling séracs

PITON AND ROPE TRAGEDY IN THE ALPS

Scenes Illustrating the Regrettable Happenings on the North Face of the Eiger

SCALING A VERTICAL WALL

By the use of the piton or metal screw peg the modern mountaineer can ascend vertical faces otherwise unclimbable

THE FATAL NORTH FACE OF THE EIGER

The scene of the latest Alpine tragedy is shown in this picture by Donald McLeish. The very dangerous North Face is here veiled in shadow, the sunset light catching the more easy but less alluring slopes. At one moment within the last fortnight, six bodies were hanging by ropes on this North Face, and were visible by telescope from Grindelwald

CLIMBING VERTICALLY

The alpinist is in the act of searching for a crevice into which he can wedge a metal pin

HANGING BY RINGS AND PINS

The rope is here seen threaded through three rings attached to the rock face by screw pins

A FAMOUS SWISS GUIDE

Peter Zuan; mountain expert of Sils, Engadine. It is greatly to be regretted that Swiss guides should have to endanger their lives in rescuing those who attempt feats which in the opinion of sober experts are over-hazardous

HOLLAND : A Dutch 'plane flying over Rotterdam docks. Holland claims a first line army of 350,000

THE SEVEN NEUTRALS

The Present Position of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, and Finland Discussed from the Angle of Military Responsibility

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE lucky European lands that managed to keep out of the last war, plus a newcomer, Finland, born of that upheaval, recently caused themselves to be heard from in a common communiqué. This registered the signatories' anxiety consequent on the dispersal of those (League) principles under which they had thought themselves protected. It further developed that the Seven were determined not to be the tools of the big nations and that, moreover, as they had been badly let down over Sanctions, they would decline hereafter to apply automatic pressure on anyone, anywhere, failing the putting in hand of a general and genuine disarmament policy.

The signatories were unable to adopt any course of action among themselves, aimed at achieving the above desirable end. Nor were they able to engender more than that the Covenant was all right and should be left alone; improvement, and radical, should be among the statesmen and their methods. Meanwhile the Seven Neutrals were obliged to leave it to the big countries they had criticised, to produce initiatives capable of remedying the present deplorable state of affairs.

Small wonder that our company could not unite on a common, constructive policy, calculated to clarify the situation. They may stretch, with one or two gaps, from the Arctic almost to the Tropics; they may total approximately 50,000,000 in population, but they are divided racially and can hardly be said to possess any true connecting link save that of a tremendous memory.

This memory of marvellous escape, of how the Scandinavian countries—Holland, Switzerland, and Spain—were wonderfully privileged to emerge during 1914–18 as oases of immunity from all the surrounding horror, of how they acted as posts of succour to the belligerents and saw their importance as States enhanced, how they became happy hunting grounds of business-as-much-more-than-usual, and of a thrilling underlife of spying and secret dealing of all kinds, but essentially of how they came through with lights up and no rationing, or gas masks, or casualty lists; this memory is clearly of no light texture, nor is it in the least surprising that it has of late become telescoped into a joint determination shared by the Seven to keep out of any next war menacing to be far more grim and immediate, by hook or by crook.

What we have to ask ourselves is whether the Seven Neutrals have realised the accrued responsibility that their very immunity, last time, conferred upon them. They have no "lost" or missing generations, no maimed, no pensions. The majority of the Seven are proud to tell you that they have prospered under the sign of "an innate liberalism, social, political, economic." The majority are right proud, too, of their advanced social services. Is it indelicate to question their right to criticise others who are arming precisely to protect that democratic ideal of freedom which gave the Seven most of what they have to-day, and to which they avowedly cling as the one bearable conception of the future?

It is a thought that comes to you frequently when you traverse the self-christened Neutral lands at this juncture; when you gaze at their splendid social benefits of the past and listen to plans for vaster and newer social schemes for to-morrow; the former so much rendered possible by the Neutrals not having had to maintain armed forces of any size comparable with their claims on the world, and successes in it, the second now being developed at least in some measure for the same reason—relative freedom from military budgets.

These countries (you reflect) belonged to the freedom-loving lands that were assailed, and they benefited by the Allies' victory. They continue to belong to the freedom-loving lands. But what are they doing, materially, that these may *again* prevail, should the worst befall? "To keep out of the next war even as we managed to keep out of the last" may be most understandable as a human aspiration, yet cannot it also be read as "To see that others shall do the arming and the fighting for us and our democratic ideals and social development, even as they obliged by doing last time?"

FINLAND : The Hall of Sessions at Helsingfors

The last of the Neutrals to fire a shot in a European war were the Danes, at Dyppol, a matter of seventy-two years ago; and it may safely be said that the first modern artillery then used against them with such lightning effect by the Prussians would find an instant parallel if any of the motorised divisions lying about (or concentrated air power) were to pitch into any of the Seven to-morrow.

As much was admitted in Denmark where one was informed that the Danish forces could not hold up the Germans, in South Jutland, for more than a few days. "But of course England would intervene! England could never let the Germans overrun flat Denmark to the Sund in the northern-most corner, thereby enabling Hitler to close the Baltic without need for the fleet he hasn't yet got."

With the protective devices of the Liége district in mind, I enquired what was being done along the Slesvig border that I had seen guarded by Poilus and Tommies back in 1919? The answer was, next to nothing save outmoded earthworks. True, the Government had lately launched a "gentle" rearming programme, plucking up courage in Sweden's wake, but it had to be gentle so as not to rouse the ruling Social-Democrats. Most of it was going on Air Force. A few more batteries. First sprigs of mechanised stuff.

Leaving out of account whether in equity they should not be prepared to uphold outside the limit of their own territories the ideal of freedom that they share with others and benefit from, ought not the Neutrals to temporarily soft-pedal on their social services, and earmark instead adequate funds towards a serious protection of liberty or deterring of aggression in their own latitudes?

One or two are beginning to act in this manner, it is true. There is Switzerland. The first line is henceforward to be the Frontier Defence Force, recruited from locally-living men who will immediately at the danger signal man the various fortifications, traps, and other arrangements, by which a surprise assault by a motorised enemy can alone be held up. Behind the *Grenzschutz* will come the Defending Divisions, and behind them the Marching Divisions, mobilized from the interior and held for points of greatest peril.

"Fewer men, more machines" is the new Swiss slogan. Special light brigades are also being equipped to rush here and there. Gas protection units are being formed. Most noteworthy, the Air Force is being doubled.

All this is "something like;" yet where else do we see it?

Holland, with a population nearly double Switzerland's, claims a first-line army of 350,000 though whether this really amounts to more than a wholly untried militia is open to question. The Dutch recently voted an extra sum of I think, £7,000,000 towards defence. They are said to be prepared to make the sacrifice of wholesale and efficacious flooding. Yet the fact appears to be that, considering their numbers, empire, national wealth, and the direct dangers of invasion known to be facing them, the Dutch have some way to go before they are entitled to criticise those who are obliged really to arm in order to uphold the standard of liberty.

The third of the Seven known to be reorganising her defences is Sweden, mainly in relation to the air, but also with regard to light Baltic craft and submarines. Sweden has compulsory service, yielding on paper 500,000 men on a 6,000,000 population of perhaps the greatest fitness extant. Sweden is also on the high crest of a thrilling prosperity and has attained the summit of contemporary national well-being. It is in particular when contemplating this fine race, that one is led to reflect what a Baltic Liberty League raised from some 15,000,000 Swedes, Finns, Danes, and Norse, could do in the way of exercising a restraining influence that might well be decisive.

It is a like case of Social-Democracy triumphant in Finland and in Norway, and of a fine, joint 6,000,000 population having little that could stand up to a 1936 attack. Norway boasts a militia whose predominant ski-ers could make it tricky for invaders in certain seasons. Finland has General Mannerheim, hunting crony of Göring, and is in

(Continued on p. 236)

DENMARK : The beautiful little Hans Andersen mermaid perched on a rock at Copenhagen

FROM SYRIA AND PALESTINE

BALAKLAVA CAMP: An encampment of the 8th Hussars Regiment on the Plain of Rephaim, to the south of Jerusalem. A section of the motor transport is seen to the right and in the background are the houses of the Jewish colony of Talpioth. The Plain of Rephaim was a frequent camping ground of the Philistines, and here David defeated them twice. *On right*—An inspection of the regiment at their camp by the High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Wauchope

ASSYRIAN SETTLEMENT SCHEME IN SYRIA: An irrigation canal with a field of grain on the left. Standing on the left bank is M. Burnier, representative in Syria of the Nansen Office for Refugees, appointed by the League of Nations for the settlement in Syria of the Assyrians in Iraq. *Above on right*—A canal and pumping station under construction at Tell Maghas

DISTRIBUTING RATIONS: The two pictures, *above and on the right*, show groups of Assyrian refugees who recently came over from Iraq into Syria, receiving supplies of wheat and rice for food rations

ANCIENT LACHISH
AS IT IS TO-DAY

The city mound of Lachish rises to a height of 145 ft. and has an upper area of 22½ acres. Excavation work has been carried out in this upper surface and at certain points of the adjoining slopes

THE unique and varied collection of antiquities which have arrived in London as the result of the fourth season's work at Tell Duweir, in Palestine, identified as the site of Lachish which Joshua captured and which became a great western fort of the new Israelite nation, are rightly attracting more than ordinary notice. No site in Bible lands to-day which is receiving the attention of the archæologist is proving of such general interest to scholar and lay mind alike as this great city which is now being uncovered in a scientific way. Indeed, there is every indication that we are destined to hear more of this great mound and its hidden treasures in the future.

For a long time no one knew for certain where Lachish stood. Its position to-day is marked by a conspicuous mound in the low hill country half-way between Hebron and the coast. It stands out boldly like an island, rising abruptly from the surrounding terrain to a height of 145 to 160 ft., its upper surface having an area of 22½ acres, against 36 acres at its base. In area this old Bible fortress is slightly larger than that occupied by the Tower of London to its extreme limits, namely, the moat. Here dwelt the military and the more important traders and citizens. As was the custom in Bible times the people dwelt outside their fortified cities, but sought refuge in them when danger from outside threatened.

For the past four seasons Mr. J. L. Starkey, on behalf of the Wellcome Archæological Research Expedition to the Near East, under the auspices of the late Sir Henry Wellcome, Sir Charles Marston, and Sir Robert Mond, has been toiling here with most conspicuous success. Sir Charles Marston, it may be added, who is keenly interested in archæological work, is the author of a remarkable book, *The Bible is True*. The Bible has a great deal to say about Lachish, while it is mentioned several times in the Tell-el-Amarna tablets. After its capture by Joshua, the city was rebuilt and fortified by Jeroboam. Hundreds of years later, when Israel was split in two by rebellion, King Amaziah of Judah, who was ruling in Jerusalem, fled to Lachish, the strong fortress, for protection, "but they sent after him to Lachish and slew him there." Later it was taken by Sennacherib, King of Assyria, in 701 B.C., who sent his Commander-in-Chief to Jerusalem to demand its surrender from Hezekiah. The sacred narrative tells how Israel cried unto the Lord, when occurred that miraculous event—the destruction of the Assyrian army in a night. Later still, Lachish again fell—to the Babylonians—under Nebuchadnezzar, just before the final destruction of Jerusalem.

The excavators found the remains of the walls and towers built by Jeroboam. They could even detect where these formidable defences had been breached by Sennacherib in 701 B.C., and what was equally interesting, distinct traces of the final destruction of the fortress by a great conflagration at the time of its siege by Nebuchadnezzar, about 588 B.C. Although only a fraction of the great mound has been uncovered its history has been traced back to the time of Joshua when Lachish was dominated by Egyptian influence. The remains of a temple of the eighteenth to nineteenth dynasties was found outside the fortifications, and in it a quantity of very interesting objects, including glassware, ivory ornaments and rods, a circular toilet box beautifully decorated in bas-relief with lions attacking bulls, and four large scarabs of Amenhetep III. The temple had been destroyed by fire, and how these articles escaped the conflagration and came to be preserved virtually intact puzzled the excavators at first. Then it became evident that what had happened was this. At the time of the destruction of the temple there was a great rainstorm which brought down upon the smoking ruins large quantities of liquid mud and debris which completely submerged the building and sealed in its contents, as did the ashes of Vesuvius at Pompeii.

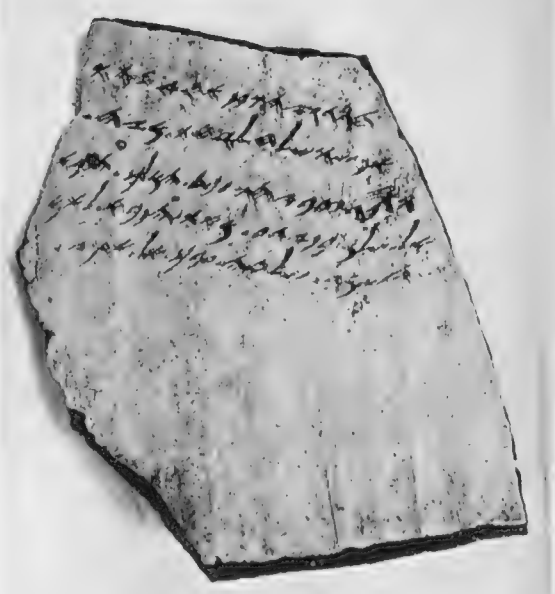
Among the scarabs found was one commemorating lion hunts, and recording how Amenhetep III had, up to that time, the tenth year of his reign, (1403 B.C.), killed no fewer than 102 "terrible lions." Some of the scarabs found were mounted in gold. The site has been rich in its yield of pottery. Over 200 pieces were found in one tomb. Among the pottery were some fifty entirely new specimens, that is to say, new as far as their pattern and design are concerned. The science of excavation has now advanced to such an extent that the modern excavator is able to get from broken potsherds a very close and accurate dating. Some of the pottery is of the black and brown variety with perforated decorations filled in with white. An interesting find was an earthenware ewer, standing about 18 ins. high. Around its neck, painted in red, is lettering, in a script similar to that found by Sir Flinders Petrie at Serbat el Khadim, in the Sinai Peninsula. The

THE SANCTUARY OF THE SOLAR SHRINE

A close-up view of the three steps leading into the shrine which dates from the Persian period

AT THE JEWISH PALACE FORT

The scene after removal of the overlying Persian Residency



LACHISH LETTER No. 3

One of several discovered, written in ink in early Hebrew characters

UNEARTHING A CITY which JOSHUA CAPTURED

The Work of the Wellcome Expedition at Lachish Results in the Discovery of the Earliest Palestinian Letters

WATER JARS FROM LATE JEWISH PERIOD

These vessels and adjacent pot-stand were unearthed below the floor level of the Persian city. They belong to the burnt city destroyed at the end of the Jewish monarchy

A VASE FROM ANCIENT GREECE

An interesting find at Lachish linking the fortress with a late Helladic period

inscription only consists of a few words and scholars vary as to their meaning. Mr. Starkey places the date of the ewer between 1295 and 1262 B.C. Here, therefore, is evidence that the art of writing was known and practised by the Hebrews at the time of their entry into the land.

Excavation work in Palestine has hitherto been marked by a lack of historical records. Over and over again when digging over an important Bible site, excavators have longed to stumble across baked clay tablets like those found in Babylon and the Hittite country, giving a description of the happenings of those early days. Thus, when a couple of potsherds were unearthed at Lachish bearing inscriptions, the discovery was hailed with delight. Now, some seventeen letters, or fragments of letters, have been found, written in ink, in early Hebrew characters. They are written on potsherds and were found in the burnt debris on the floor of the guard-room immediately inside the outer city gate. They appear to be incoming letters from some fort or outpost subservient to Lachish and to cover a very short period of time—perhaps three or four weeks. They relate to the period immediately preceding the destruction of the city by the Babylonian forces in their final invasion of the land, 587–8 B.C. They definitely identify Tell Duweir as the site of Lachish and contain twenty-three personal names mentioned in the Bible.

Towards the end of letter III, for instance, we are told by the writer that he has heard that the Commander of the Army, Achbor, the son of Elnatan, has passed down to Egypt, taking with him certain men. This offers a striking parallel with Jeremiah XXVI, 20–23. There we are told that King Jehoiakim sent the Commander of the Army, Elnatan, the son of Achbor, to Egypt to bring back the false prophet Urijah. The same letter also refers to "Nedebiah, grandson of the king," as is recorded in I Chronicles III, 18. Thus in this single letter there are two distinct contacts with the Bible. Letter IV identifies Tell Duweir as the site of Lachish. The writer of this letter, answering a question put to him by his senior officer, says: "We are watching the signal stations of Lachish, according to all the signals that you are giving, because we cannot see the signals of Azekah." The letters have been translated by Professor Torgzyner of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem, and are rightly regarded as of the very greatest historical and Biblical interest.

An important though perhaps somewhat gruesome discovery was made during the past season, a huge ossuary containing 1,500 human remains was cleared, while a further 500 were found in an adjoining chamber. No doubt the bodies had been thrown there when the city was being cleared for rebuilding. What interested the excavators was to find so many distorted skulls, distortions which must have been made at birth, while these ancient people had also practised the art of trepanning. Two skulls so treated have been brought to London for more detailed examination. An important vase from Greece was also found, a good specimen of the late Helladic II period, dated about 1425 B.C.; a bronze mirror, a statuette of a goddess, and set of draughtsmen. In what was the busines quarter of the city were found a wine shop, a corn chandler's, and a weaver's establishment. In the latter can be seen the charred remains of a loom and below it weaver's loom weights, vats for dyeing and other workshop equipment belonging to such an establishment.

H. J. S.

LACHISH LETTER No. 2

One of the first series of written records from pre-historic Palestine dating prior to 588 B.C. The one on the left contains names mentioned in the Bible

A TREPANNED SKULL FOUND

It is evident that the people of ancient Lachish practised this extraordinary art

ACROSS AFRICA BY MOTOR LORRY

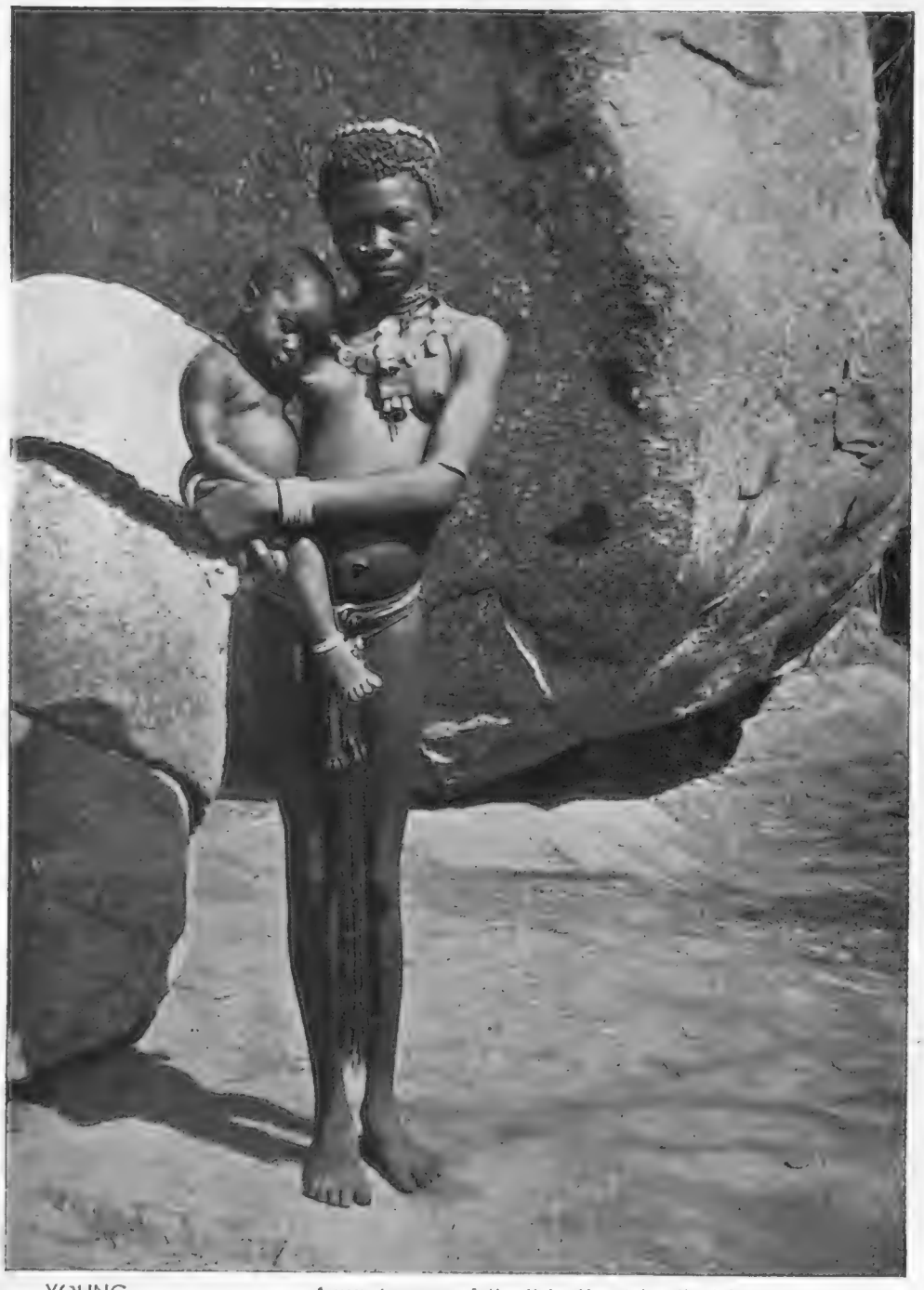
A Journey from the Nile to the Niger

BIZARRE SILHOUETTE

A Dinka warrior from the Upper Nile Province wearing a side-panelled head-dress

NATIVE BUILDERS.

A mud hut under construction in a village in Western Nigeria. These circular huts are built with great precision and admirably withstand torrential downpours



YOUNG MOTHERHOOD

A young woman of the Nuba Mountains, Kordofan District, Eastern Sudan, with her baby. The natives in this district are extremely well formed and tall, the men especially, possessing very fine physique

DISTURBED BY THE CAMERA

An aged inhabitant of Northern Nigeria enjoying a quiet smoke with a quaintly shaped native pipe with a very capacious bowl

It is now possible to cross the widest part of Africa by motor. Only a few years ago this would have been impossible, but now all this territory has been opened up. In many parts there are good roads; in others the going is bad over sandy tracks or hard ruts. Recently Mr. W. B. Redmayne (who is over seventy years of age) and Mr. Gilbert Dawson crossed from the Nile to the Niger on motor lorries, passing through the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, the Upper Nile Province, French Equatoria, Cameroons, and Nigeria.

For 1,500 miles they saw no running water till they reached the Logone River in Central Equatoria. They encountered many interesting tribes, some of which are seen in the accompanying pictures. Some of the tribes on the Anglo-Egyptian side are tall and virile, the men going in for long periods of athletic training.

The journey can be taken only in the dry season—from December to May. During the wet season many of the roads are impassable.

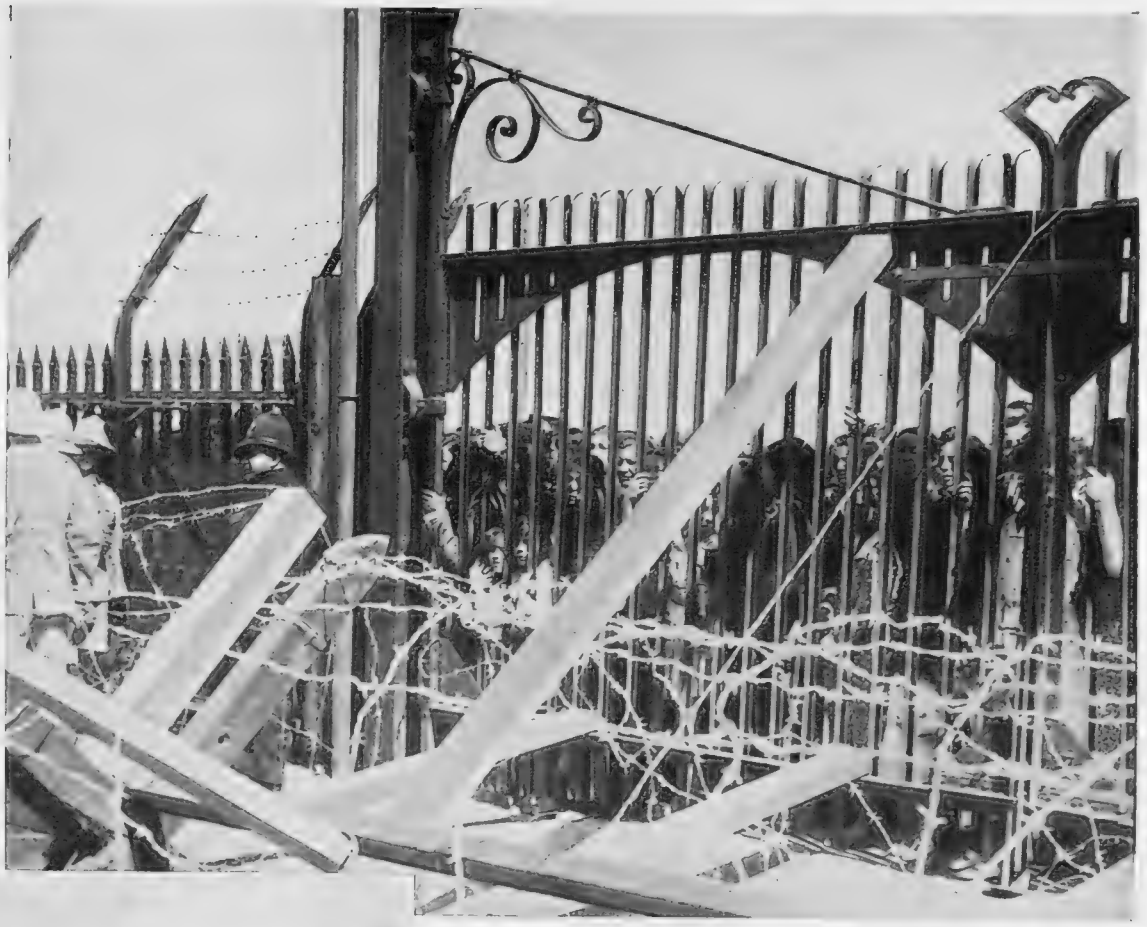
SUMMER FASHIONS

The leaf adornment of the ladies of the Bauchi Plateau, Nigeria

O O

GIBRALTAR HAPPENINGS

MONETARY AID: A public collecting box outside one of the big stores in Gibraltar for contributions towards the relief organised for destitute refugees from La Linea and Malaga



CLAMOURING FOR ADMISSION: From the troubled cities of Southern Spain, endless streams of terror-stricken people are arriving, seeking the sanctuary of British territory. Barbed wire has had to be erected

SECURITY FOR THE CHILDREN: Tiny refugees with their mothers find shelter from the dangers of the rebellion in the tents provided for them on British territory at Gibraltar

SAFEGUARDING BRITISH TERRITORY: Troops erecting barricades of barbed wire on the British side of the international zone facing the Spanish town of La Linea where fierce fighting has taken place

RESCUED: A party of Spanish Carabineers, captured by Moorish troops and set adrift in a tiny boat in the Mediterranean. They were saved by a passing ship and brought into Gibraltar harbour

STRANGE CARGO: Every conceivable means of transport is being used to bring the people to safety. This party was brought to harbour in a small fishing boat in an exhausted and pitiful condition. A party of children turned up in a rowing boat. In every way the Rock and its immediate neighbourhood have been having a very lively time. Merchant ships using the Straits continue to run the gauntlet of belligerent 'planes

THE TERROR OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

Pictures which Convey in Detail Several Disturbing Aspects of the Revolt

RIFLE WOMEN OF THE PEOPLE

Women and girls have been assisting the Government forces and its big force of armed civilians. A complex of psychological incentive is doubless operating in these young Spanish heads

THE SPOILS OF WAR

Members of the Republican Militia, among whom can be distinguished numerous young women and boys preparing to tow a gun captured from the rebel troops in triumph through the streets of Barcelona

THE LAST ORDEAL

IN THE FASCIST STRONGHOLD

Although most of the insurgent troops are approaching Madrid, the headquarters of the rebel command remains at Burgos, North Spain, where Fascist sympathy is strong. It is here that General Cabarrenas, the head of the provisional government set up by the rebels, is stationed and crowds wait all day outside in order to salute him

Major Guadalajara, one of the rebels who surrendered after the Government forces had laid siege to the Montana Barracks in Madrid, being led away to a summary court-martial accompanied by the jeers and menaces of the Popular Front supporters

DEALERS OF DEATH

From behind hastily rigged barricades, snipers of the Government Militia firing on the Military Academy of Toledo, the famous Alcazar, where the infantry cadets were in rebellion in sympathy with the Fascist cause

FISHING CRAFT
at South Kensington

A HUMBER KEEL: The above was copied from a model which has long been in the possession of a keel owning company. Keels are still in use on those waterways which drain into the Trent and Humber, but their origin appears to be very ancient, for much of their rigging resembles that of vessels of the time of Elizabeth

ONE OF THE LONELIEST LIGHTHOUSES IN THE ARABIAN SEA: Vengurla Rocks, a few acres of barren rock rising sheer from the water, isolated by rough seas for four months of the year. The Government of India is providing improved amenities, including soil for a kitchen garden

A BARKING SMACK: In the middle of the eighteenth century a considerable fleet of fishing vessels was based at Barking, and in 1774 some of these vessels had already taken up trawling. The vessels selected for that purpose were those which had been built as well-smacks in order to bring back the live fish from the Shetlands

A BAWLEY: Craft of this type have long been used at Harwich and at Leigh for trawling for shrimps and also for whelking. The hull of a bawley is heavily built, with considerable beam and a wide transom stern. The sail-plan is unusually lofty and, in that respect, it somewhat resembles the stately towering outlines of a Thames barge

FALMOUTH QUAY PUNT: There has just been opened at the Science Museum, Kensington a very interesting and informative exhibition of British Fishing Craft. There are no fewer than 200 distinct types. The visitor will see models of vessels distinctive of the Orkneys, the East Coast, and Ireland

A HASTINGS LUGGER: This represents the largest type of fishing boat used at Hastings. The boat is very wide in the beam, with a bluff bow and a lute stern, and is fully decked. The rig consists of two masts, both stepped in tabernacles on deck so as to be easily lowered, with a dipping lug-sail on the main mast and a standing lug-sail on the mizen

LIGHTING the INDIAN COAST

ONE of the strangest inhabited islands in the world has just got its first vegetable garden.

About 200 miles south of Bombay, 4 miles from the mainland, there rises sheer from the sea a few acres of rock known as Vengurla Rocks. Here, for four months of the year, during summer rains and storms, are marooned the keepers of one of the most powerful and important lighthouses administered by the Government of India.

In the winter, it is possible for a boat from the port of Vengurla to reach the rocks and land weekly with supplies of food and fresh water—for there is no water on this barren island. The precipitous rocks and rough seas isolate it completely, however, in the summer months.

Up till recently, the few men there have had to subsist during the lonely four months on rice, potatoes, and tinned food, collecting rain-water in small tanks for drinking purposes. They have one delicacy—oysters of good quality which adhere to the rocks, but there is no possibility of enjoying fresh vegetables at this time, the island being absolutely devoid of soil There are only two forms of animal life, sea-gulls and scorpions—with which the rocks are infested.

Seven years ago a Central Lighthouse organization was set up under the Government of India to administer lighthouses of a general nature, that is to say those which do not come within the boundaries of a Port Trust. One of the first tasks of this section of Government was to overhaul a number of lighthouses including that at Vengurla. The first lighthouse was built in 1870. This was replaced in 1890 and that in turn was condemned in 1931 and a new lighthouse built.

This lighthouse with its 1,250,000 candle power is the most powerful on the coast of India. Its importance is that at this point ships bound north to and south from Bombay change their course.

Lack of fresh vegetables over a long period can be serious to health, resulting in scurvy and such diseases. Accordingly, the Government of India have had shipped to Vengurla Rocks 500 bags of soil.

Though the island is swept by waves and spray during the monsoons, there are one or two sheltered spots and it is in one of these that this precious soil has been carefully laid. For the first time in history there will be a touch of colour on the island and some fresh food for the lonely inhabitants.

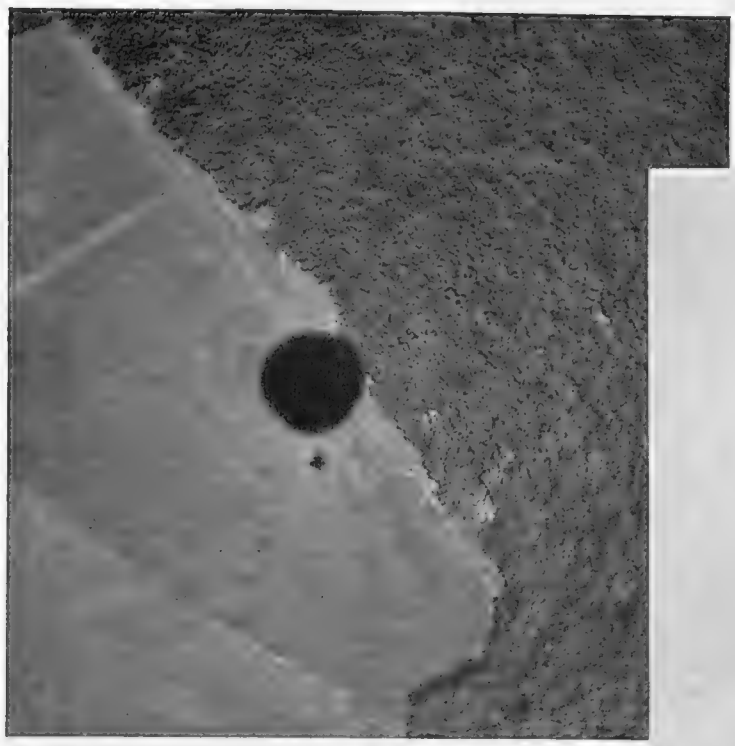
Only once has the wife of one of the keepers ever dared to try and share the rough life inevitable during the four months of storms. The experiment was a tragedy, for the woman fell ill and died.

In four months of isolation the nine men on the island have no touch with the outside world, for there is no wireless. Old papers and books reach the rocks during the other eight months of the year, but even this little amenity disappears with the monsoon.

In 1933 the Government of India sanctioned a recreation scheme for the lighthouses in the Bombay area, and this light in particular. Vengurla Rocks is now supplied with gramophones, records, games of various descriptions, newspapers, and magazines, and a private library has been collected in Bombay.

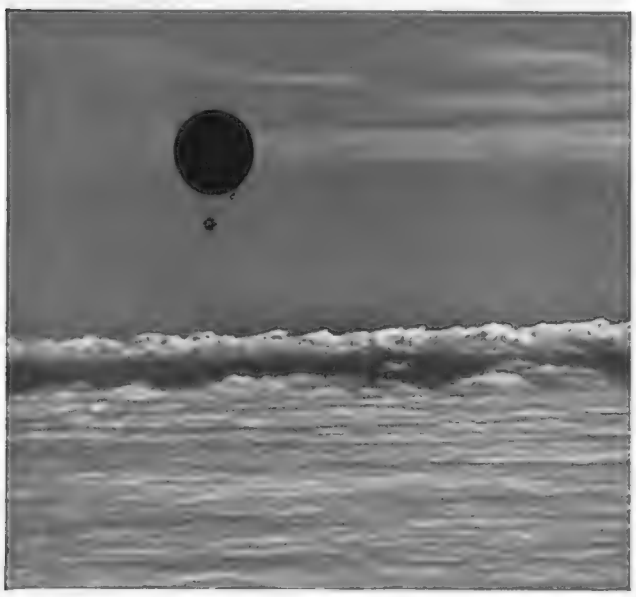
SAILING ABOVE the CLOUDS

The Growing Popularity of Ballooning



CASTING ITS SHADOW BEFORE: Great skill on the part of the balloonist is required in order to effect a safe descent clear of the forest of trees. Judicious use of wind currents plays an important part in this manœuvre

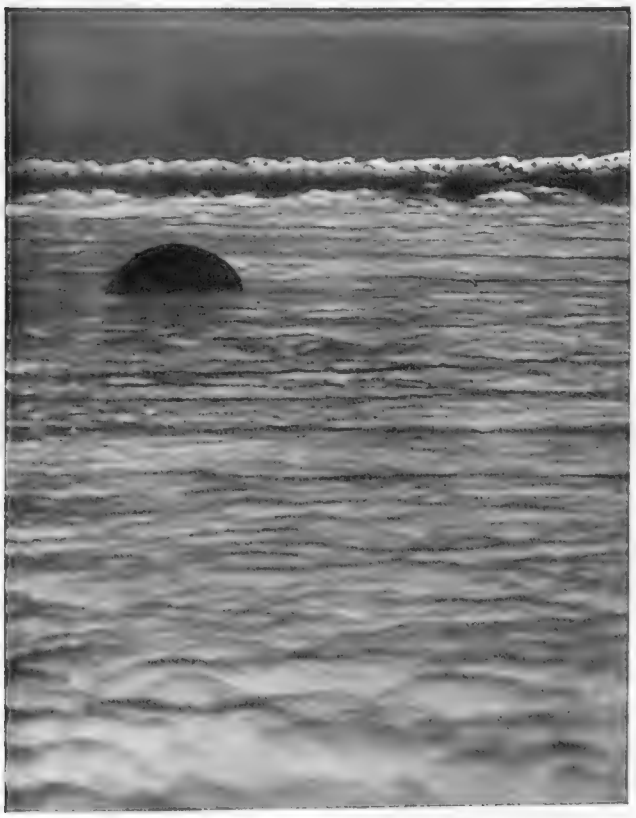
GAINING ALTITUDE: Shovelling sand overboard to lighten the gondola and thus cause the balloon to ascend still further. Several of these ballast bags are tied round the outside of the basket



IN A WORLD OF PEACE AND SUNSHINE: Suspended above a sea of cloud and lulled by the gentle creaking of the ropes the balloonist is slowly borne along by the breeze. Adherents to this sport are as yet few, but there is a steady increase in their numbers

SAFELY DOWN: In order to descend the balloon has to be partly deflated. Care must be taken in this operation not to make the downward glide too rapid while a very wary eye must be kept on the direction of the wind and any possible obstruction on the ground

A VITAL SPOT: Examining the deflating valve, situated at the bottom of the envelope, with which the balloonist regulates his descent. Careful manipulation of this valve enables the balloon to come down more or less speedily as the occasion demands



EMERGING THROUGH THE CLOUDS: By throwing ballast overboard, the balloon slowly rises to the required altitude. The modern balloon gondola is equipped with various instruments including an altimeter which greatly assists the pilot in economising with the ballast

JARRED BUT TRIUMPHANT: When a stiff wind is blowing it is in many cases advisable to drop the grappling iron and allow the gondola to overturn as it touches the ground rather than be dragged along, possibly into a belt of trees, an ever-present danger to the balloonist unless he be fortunate enough to be able to descend on to an aerodrome or a large field where assistance in steadying the craft is available

THE LURE of SMALL BOATS

The Great Increase in the Number of Small Boat Owners and Clubs Described

by CHARLES GRAVES

FOLLOW MY LEADER: Small yachts on the Norfolk Broads, where many fine stretches of water are available for the sailing enthusiasts

COWES, I fancy, must be regarded as the peak point of the year for small boat enthusiasts. There are at least a dozen different events at the Regatta. And yet the type of man or woman who sails anything from a dinghy to a six-metre is not socially inclined. The sinking of *Britannia* will probably affect considerably the "J" class owner of these floating houseboats. The small boat enthusiast, however, will not mind at all. Their numbers are increasing every year. Take the Little Ship Club near the Mansion House. It started exactly ten years ago with a couple of dozen members. To-day there are over 1,100, who between them own 600 boats.

The reason for the tremendous increase in this sport is largely due to the congested condition of the roads. Young men who would otherwise be driving fairly fast cars round the countryside over the week-end, and possibly competing in motor car races, have now taken to the sea. It has very many advantages. The depreciation of a new motor car is considerable as soon as it has been used. In the case of a small boat this is more or less negligible. Indeed, there are many examples of owners who have sailed a boat all the season and have sold it at a profit at the end of September. The motor car industry, however, cannot complain of the growing popularity of this new sport, because a vast number of small boat enthusiasts have to motor to the harbours where their craft is kept in order to go aboard; and similarly they must motor back again.

There are said to be now about 60,000 addicts of this sport. In London the vast majority are the public school type, and in private life they are barristers, stockbrokers, and others holding similar positions in life. All told, there must be 1,200 clubs, if one includes those used largely by artisans. You will find nests of them round Leigh-on-Sea, Burnham-on-Crouch, Poole, and Portsmouth. Then there is aristocratic Bembridge, where the members adore occasionally to blackball members of the Royal Yacht Squadron who put up for election. There are other clubs on the Blackwater Estuary—that is to say, at Brightlingsea, Tollsbury, Heybridge, and Maldon. This neighbourhood is stiff with small boats. So, too, is the back of Harwich Harbour all the way up to Ipswich. There is another gang of them in and out of Cowes, and at this time of year it is genuinely difficult to get any anchorage at all in the Hamble or Beaulieu Rivers.

After Dartmouth and Teignmouth there is a gap until one comes to the Menai Straits, with the exception of Fowey and Falmouth. There is a further gap until one comes to the Clyde. This covers, practically speaking, all the western side of England, and has some of the finest sailing in the world. On the East Coast you have all the clubs down the coast of Yorkshire. Many of them have only a dozen members, but they are all as keen as mustard.

Harbour after harbour has a special type of boat which is found to be most practical locally. The chief categories, however, consist of racing dinghies, 3-ton sloops, 5-ton cutters, and so on up to the 8-metre. The 6-metre, however, can scarcely be called a small boat. It is a real thoroughbred and can easily cost you £1,500 to £1,800. The 5-ton cutter will cost you £300 if made of pine, and you will have to reckon on another £50 for linen and so forth and for personal paraphernalia. The 8-ton cutter will sleep four people. It will be about 32 ft. long and 9½ ft. wide. It will also have an auxiliary motor. Its owner will be able to cruise in it from Lowestoft to Weymouth or the Channel Islands, and along the French coast to Holland; and that would be about the limit of its normal scope. Of course one must not forget the *Ahto* in which its owner sailed twice round the Atlantic Circle although it was only a 28-footer.

An 8-ton cutter would cost about £750 if made of teak. If of pine, however, it would only be a matter of about £500. Again, if made of teak it would be just as good thirty years from now; while the life of one made of pine would be at any rate fifteen years. The three chief builders of racing craft are Mylne and Fife on the Clyde, and Nicholson of Gosport. Of one-design boats there must be at least 150 different kinds. They are suitable for afternoon sailing and have no cabins. Some of them cost as little as £45 fully equipped. The best known of these one-design boats are the X Class, the Solent Restricted Class, the Solent Sunbeam, and the Redwings.

OFF THE EAST COAST: A start from Burnham-on-Crouch in a heavy breeze over a ninety-mile course

Every Saturday and most Sundays there are regattas for small boats sailing from May to September. This is a sport in which there is practically no professionalism. There is no scope for it. The prize money is insignificant. The inexpensiveness of small boat sailing is one of its chief charms. But to get the full benefit of the economy you must have a boat with one or two cabins in order to eliminate your hotel bills. A week-end on a small boat, even including the cost of motoring to and from the harbour where it is tied up, will be only a third of the cost of staying at an hotel. Incidentally, 5s. a week would be on the high side for the cost of mooring a cabin boat. As for the petrol bill for the auxiliary engine, this is trivial, amounting to perhaps a third of a gallon an hour.

Another of the advantages of this sport is that you can repair a boat to almost any extent. With the exception of certain internal fittings, literally nothing of *Britannia* remained of the original ship. She had been re-planked, re-framed, re-decked, re-rigged (three times), and she must have had at least four rudders.

There are two types of enthusiast. Very many of the small boat crowd never race at all. Those that do are inclined to become a trifle parochial. After a race they go back and argue technicalities which are far less comprehensible than those concerned with golf. There is another contrast to the royal and ancient game. There is no such thing as handicapping of helmsmen in the case of small boat sailing, and yet the difference between individual helmsmen is at least that between scratch and twenty-four. In other words, I as a beginner would be beaten by at least a mile in a 5-mile race by an expert in a similar boat and under exactly the same conditions. What is more, if I were trying to get to Ostend and so was the expert, the expert would get there and I would probably find myself on a sandbank in the North Sea.

That is one of the advantages of the Little Ship Club. All through the winter they have courses and lectures on seamanship, navigation, and signalling. Not, really, that you can learn to sail a boat except by experience, but it is easy enough to have practical experience by getting a friend to take you out in his boat. Women, by the way, are either crazy keen about small boat sailing or abominate it. There seems to be no halfway house for them. The Solent Lassies, as they are known, are all first class. But there are many fine women helmsmen all round the coast.

But what is the real attraction of small boat sailing? The answer, apart from an escape from the congested roads, is that you are living on something moving even when the boat is tied up. There is a sense of its being alive which you do not get so readily with a motor car. There is also the crude enjoyment of fighting the elements and of generally roughing it. These enthusiasts take the skin off their hands, tear their trousers on cleats, bang their heads against various sharp corners, and then devour a plate of stew with the aid of a spoon and an appetite that passes everything. Of course a number get drowned, but nothing to compare with the toll of the roads.

A further attraction of this sport is the knowledge that you have to make your boat go by your own skill and cunning. And I gather that there is any amount of pleasure to be obtained from navigating successfully across the Channel to Fécamp, for example.

Small boat sailing is ideal for grown men who remain small boys at heart. It satisfies their taste for adventure and exploration. It is the greatest possible contrast to working pent up in an office; and you are away from telephones, telegrams, and every other normal interruption. No wonder the sport is becoming more and more popular.

But it takes a bit of time to learn the jargon and become a real enthusiast. Listen to this. "Before dark the wind had taken off a great deal and everyone shook out their reefs. Midnight found the leaders off the Longships in a light wind and heavy, confused sea, in which *Rose* slammed her long counter unmercifully, and anxious navigators watched the bearing of the rocks alter with agonising slowness. But then they had all

(*Continued on page* 236)

REQUIEM: The last of *Britannia*. A composite picture by William Davis

BETWEEN SHOWS: Performers of Chapman's Touring Circus resting during the interval between the afternoon and evening performances. Life in the small canvas city is varied and hard, and work starts early in the morning from the moment the circus arrives, till late at night when the last van is on its way again to the next stop. The artists endeavour to improve their acts and make the show more thrilling for the onlookers, while animal trainers put their charges through their paces and perfect new tricks during the rehearsal period which is usually an odd moment snatched from the daily routine

THE CIRCUS BLACKSMITH: One of the ponies arriving at the forge to be shod. In some cases special shoes have to be made owing to the nature of the tricks they have to perform

ON THE ROAD with a TOURING CIRCUS

ON THE ROAD: The travelling circus—motorised, of course—making for the next town and show place

On right—A MAMMOTH PEDICURE: The elephant trainer giving Jumbo's nails a final trim before the start of the show

A BRONTË PLAY AT MALVERN

John Davison's play, *The Brontës of Haworth Parsonage*, is being presented during the Festival, with Robert Kerr as the Rev. Patrick Brontë and Marjorie Lane as Charlotte

SAINT JOAN

Wendy Hiller, heroine of *Love on the Dole*, takes the part of the Maid. She is here seen confronting the Dauphin, again acted by Ernest Thesiger

JANE EYRE

Helen Jerome's variation of the Brontë theme is being presented at Malvern, and also the comedy, *The Clandestine Marriage*, by David Garrick and George Colman (*see below*), with Curigwen Lewis as Fanny and Hilary Wontner as Lovewell

DRAMA AT MAL and Earthquake

TIME was when the pleasant town of Malvern was noted mainly for its school, its medicinal waters, and for the cricketing family of Fosters, who fostered cricket in healthy and educational surroundings.

Later Malvern became, owing to that intelligent Maecenas, Sir Barry Jackson, a sort of chapel-of-ease to the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and the birthplace of plays, not only of literary value, which is difficult, but of subsequent commercial success in London, which is more difficult still.

But for a few short weeks each year the presiding genius of the place has been Bernard Shaw. If Malvern cannot claim to be the birthplace of Shaw, it can claim to be the spot where, a few days ago, he spent his eightieth birthday. My first introduction to the Malvern Festival had nothing very festal about it. Sir Barry had chartered an aeroplane for the transportation of London's dramatic critics *en masse* to a new Shaw play, *Too True to be Good*. It seems too good to be true, but the aeroplane lost its way, and we had to be driven in motor-buses to the local theatre, arriving ignominiously when the play was more than half over, to the derisive indignation of festal virgins in various parts of the house. Since then critics have chosen a less sensational way of making the journey, and have for the most part arrived on time.

As an Old Shaw-Ivernian and one well acquainted with that true masterpiece *Saint Joan*, I reserved my first visit to the festival for a non-Shaw evening—the revival of Colman and Garrick's comedy *The Clandestine Marriage*. Why has this play been banished from London for so long? I remember seeing it as a schoolboy at the Haymarket many years ago, with Cyril Maude as the old fop, Lord Ogleby. Since then there has been a performance at the Arts Theatre in 1928, but that is all.

The piece stands or falls by Lord Ogleby, a lecherous ruin of a man, who has to be patched and doctored and painted each morning before he can set out on his day's round of making eyes at girls young enough to be his granddaughters. The good fortune is that it undoubtedly stands. True, in 1936 the elderly *roué* is an unhealthy monstrosity rather than the figure of fun he was in 1766. Yet the construction is perfect, the dialogue witty, and the whole cynical atmosphere worthy of the Restoration Drama of a century earlier.

Mr. Ernest Thesiger plays Ogleby in a manner too elegant to be monstrous. One feels that he is *au fond*, a harmless enough rake, harmless even if he had it in him to be harmful. Mr. Thesiger's Ogleby would have stopped at the ogling at almost any period of his life. I was, by the way, relieved to find the clothes of the time worn by him so gracefully, so realistically, and in a manner so removed from that of a stockbroker on his way to a charity costume ball at the Albert Hall.

Miss Curigwen Lewis as Fanny was also well in the eighteenth century in every respect and was arch without being too cold, not indeed a marble arch. The intrigues of this and that character, why they fell in and out of love with one another, why they pretended to adore when they did not, and why they pretended not to adore when they did, are all part of the comedy of the day. We would find them tedious should even a Lonsdale or a Maugham employ them. But employed by a Colman or a Garrick (in this case by both) they form a museum piece that is far too lively to be kept in a museum. I hope Sir Barry will let us see *The Clandestine Marriage* in the West End as soon as may be, and with its present company.

Records of Shavian doings must be held over until next week. I trust that it will be found possible to produce Shaw's latest play, *The Millionairess*, in London, if not at Malvern, in the near future. This has been seen as yet only on the Continent. From all accounts it is in the earlier Shaw style—i.e. well-constructed, built as a play and not as a peg for often irrelevant discussion, and, in short, *tidy*. Where are there better plays, as *plays*, than the early *Candida*, *The Doctor's Dilemma* and *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*? The later Shaw, with the exception of the surely immortal *Saint Joan*, has shown a tendency to

FILM MAKING AT SALZBURG: In addition to the Festival, Salzburgers have been witnessing the making of a new Austrian film *Her Name is Peter*. Above are seen Carl Ludwig Diehl and pretty little Traudl Stark in an outdoor setting

FOREIGN LEGION: The latest *Two Flags*. It is based on Ronald Colman, Claudette Rosalind Russell. A Twen

VERN

Thrills at the Empire

By PHILIP PAGE

sprawl. Sometimes the sprawling is good, as in *The Apple Cart* and in parts of *Heartbreak House* and *Back to Methuselah*; but only too often it is just sprawling.

I hear that there is some chance, when *The Millionairess* is produced, of seeing Miss Leonora Corbett in the title role. Good. She is a young actress of charm and great intelligence, and has crammed a vast amount of good work into her nine years on the stage. She is now enjoying her first long run, as I gathered when she was my neighbour at a supper party at Prunier's last week to celebrate the 200th performance of *Dusty Ermine* (Prunier's, by the way, which is the Mecca both in London and in Paris of all who adore any form of *coquillage*, does not worry about that "r"-in-the-month rule; we ate oysters and plenty of 'em, and very good they were.)

Dusty Ermine is now one of the most successful pieces in London as well as first-rate entertainment. But it had to be nursed into success. There are many plays, now long since forgotten and accounted failures, which would have reached a similar happy state. Unfortunately, nursing in the theatrical sense is an expensive process.

"Folies de Femmes."—A friend of mine was once asked to define cabaret. "Cabaret?" he said. "It's the sort of entertainment where, when you've had about ten minutes of it, your pal says 'What about a cab?' and you say 'Hooray.'"

That definition cannot, however, be applied to *Folies de Femmes*, the new super-super show at the London Casino. When this building was known as the Prince Edward Theatre I spent several evenings there of excruciating boredom; hardly a production went right, and even that established favourite, the dusky Josephine Baker, went decidedly wrong in a short-lived revue and has not appeared in London since. By way of compensation the cabarets have been lavish and, without unduly interfering with the enjoyment of the good food provided, exciting.

Here the London Casino folk are wiser than similar establishments on Broadway (though the present entertainment comes, I understand, from America). Although I do not myself grow pop-eyed at the sight of the nude female form more or less divine within a few feet of the salt-cellar on my supper table, and am apt to find nowadays that the amount of attention devoted to such sights depends on the quality of the supper, in New York they think differently. In Soho they show a little more discretion and a little less bare flesh. It is better so.

In itself the performance, with the exception of the doings of a funny man, M. Emil Borreo, who is funny, is almost entirely brainless. But did the ancient Romans require brains in the entertainment which they saw (so far as they were able to see anything) as they reclined on couches and gorged for twenty-four hours? Of course not. And I will warrant that whatever it was they saw it was not half so attractive as those bevies of prettily-clad girls—good movers and good dancers—who justify the title, *Folies de Femmes*.

desert drama film is entitled *Under* Ouida's famous novel, and stars Colbert, Victor McLaglen and tieth Century Fox Production

"Lilac Time."—Since the night a good many years ago, when Schubert was found, much to the surprise of most people, to be a "best seller" in the theatrical sense, *Lilac Time* has been revived frequently.

If instead of this pretty but preposterous story the plot had been founded on the uneventful, unromantic, and rather pitiful life of this underpaid genius who died a young man, there would, I think, have been a very short run and no revivals. Not that any sort of libretto could dim the glory of Schubert's melodies (though the score is not all Schubert). But such melodies need romantic surroundings, picturesque scenery with plenty of lilac about it, sentimentality in chunks, and as much humour as can be mustered up.

The revival at the Coliseum, which is rather too big for it, is on sound lines. It will appeal to an enthusiastic and ready-made public, for there is now a *Lilac Time* public, just as there is a Gilbert and Sullivan public. It should even win plenty of recruits.

Miss Helen Gilliland, good to look at and fresh of voice, must have found her Gilbert and Sullivan training useful; there has never been a better heroine. Among a long line of stage-Schuberts, including Herr Tauber, Mr. Maurice d'Oisly can hold his own. His voice is every bit as pleasing as it was when I heard him sing in Debussy's *L'Enfant Prodigue* at Covent Garden in pre-war days.

Mr. George Graves received an uproarious welcome and deserved it. I would not say that a Schubert operetta is precisely this fine comedian's line of country, but he is so good an actor that he can play the *vieux marcheur* to any composer and in any period, and he can extract humour, etc., from the most unpromising situations and materials.

THE STIRRING EARTHQUAKE FILM AT THE EMPIRE: The story of Blackie Norton (Clarke Gable) and Mary Blake (Jeannette Macdonald) in *San Francisco* a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film, culminates in a terrifically vivid presentation of the destruction of the city by earthquake, reconstructing the terrible scenes which actually took place in 1906. One sees the crashing down of the City Hall Tower, the outbreak of fire, and the subsequent blowing up of buildings owing to fa lure of water supply. Through all the destruction stalks the figure of Blackie Norton searching for Mary, to find her at last singing to the refugees. The march back of the citizens at the cessation of the fire symbolically treated brings the film to a dramatic close

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE CASE OF MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY

An Examination of a Notable Novelist

By VERNON FANE

NOTHING succeeds in annoying some people as much as success. In 1921 a young Yorkshireman came down from Cambridge determined to make a living by writing. He was well equipped, for few men of his age had a sounder knowledge of the whole range of English literature. Also, as they found on the *Cambridge Review*, he could write. With wit and elegance he mastered the difficult technique of the essay; and in the art of criticism he excelled. Very soon his name appeared in two volumes in the English Men of Letters series—critical studies of Meredith and Peacock. These, together with a remarkable book on *The English Comic Characters*, have since become standard works.

Meanwhile he became a regular contributor to the *Saturday Review*—then the most vigorous and certainly the best of the literary weeklies, in which his weekly essay was an outstanding feature.

In spite of this promising start, John Boynton Priestley found, with many another young writer at the beginning of a career, that literary fame and increasing prestige do not necessarily make it any easier to live by the pen. A first novel brought him little success; a volume of essays more praise but few royalties; a "thriller" but a poor reward for months of hard work. Good reviews are poor sustenance for a young and growing family.

Yorkshiremen are notoriously difficult to discourage, and J. B. Priestley had not served a sound literary apprenticeship for nothing. All around him there were men and women making comfortable livings by their pens. Most of them were novelists. There was little he did not know about the technique of the novel; but success in this field depends on other qualities not so easily discernible, and with which the best novelists are born, and not made.

If Priestley turned to the picaresque novel as his next experiment it was because it was temperamentally his *métier*, supported by his training as an essayist, which demands an awareness of the passing scene, a lively eye for character, an insatiable curiosity concerning his fellow-men and an ability to re-create his impressions in terms of observation which bring them to life. If he chose a concert troupe around whom to build a story of hopes and fears, it was perhaps because their itineraries would bring them into contact with all sorts and conditions of men and women in widely differing places and circumstances. In their pathetic world of make-believe and grim realities he saw a rich human story, swinging from the bravura of a public performance to the squalor of theatrical lodgings.

The Good Companions was an immediate success, marching quickly to a sensational one. No novel of recent years has come anywhere near its popularity: no book has been better beloved. Millions—literally millions—have read and are still reading it; John Gielgud, as Inigo Jollifant, scored an early success in the play adapted from it, while as a film it enjoyed an immense popularity.

It followed naturally that J. B. Priestley became a target for the literary coteries; the little scribblers who affect to despise best-sellers, and who could spare nothing but snarls and sneers for someone who had captivated a whole nation of readers and at the same time had written a book which had been praised by connoisseurs. They went for him over *Angel Pavement*, in spite of the fact that that large and spacious novel of London life was technically a better book than *The Good Companions*, and one which cut a good deal of critical ground from beneath their feet.

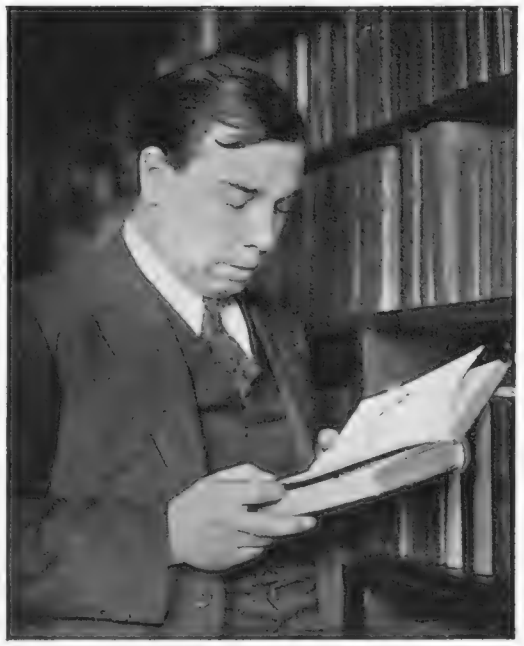
It is idle to pretend that anyone engaged in creative work is insensitive to criticism; but if Bloomsbury and the clever-clever young men and women who hang upon its fringe could not bear the repetition of his success in *Angel Pavement*, Priestley set to and annoyed them further by consolidating this success. Incidentally the two prefaces which he subsequently wrote for both these books in his collected edition contain some hard-hitting answers to his critics, none of whom, as far as I am aware, has ever had the stomach to take up the challenge.

"A novel," he wrote, "is not necessarily a good work of art because it ends miserably and has a bitter flavour, and a novel that moves briskly and cheerfully towards a happy conclusion is not necessarily unworthy of the attention of serious students of fiction. I will admit that this *The Good Companions* is largely a novel of happy escape."

In *Angel Pavement* however, as he points out, "there is no escape. They are the victims of circumstance and they have little to enjoy but the bitter though not unrefreshing brew that a sense of irony can offer." Indeed that novel was a sore trial to those for whom *The Good Companions* was nothing but a hearty fairy tale, unrelated to life and with seven happy endings.

In one of these prefaces Priestley confesses that he knew hardly anything about the theatrical world, with which he was soon to become acquainted through the dramatization of *The Good Companions*. He thought it was fun; he enjoyed it, and said so in print, for which he was immediately pounced upon by the theatrical critics. His answer was to write *Dangerous Corner*, a play which revealed a sense of the theatre almost uncanny in a tyro, and through which he came to be recognised as a dramatist to be reckoned with. He followed it with *Laburnum Grove*, a comedy which was an immediate success, and from then on became immersed, for the time being, in the theatre. The cinema never really attracted him, though he wrote one of her biggest screen successes for his friend Gracie Fields.

J. B. Priestley was then to find that if the envious hated success they could grow even more spiteful at any evidence of versatility. He was told to leave the drama alone and get back to writing best-sellers, while the literary ladies and gents cheerfully predicted his rapid decline since he was obsessed with the theatre. He confounded the lot by one day packing his grip and taking a trip. England, like the rest of the world was at the lowest ebb of a record slump. He went out to see for himself what conditions were like, not only in the "distressed" areas, but also in the villages and rural districts as well as the comparatively prosperous towns of the South. He went because he wanted to go; he wrote *English Journey* passionately and at the top speed of emotions deeply felt, deeply stirred. Of all his work, this book bears the surest mark of permanence: as surely as Cobbett's *Rural Rides* it must live, and outlive this and many other generations.



J. B. PRIESTLEY, whose new book, *They Walk in the City* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), hails his return to the long novel. With such successes as *The Good Companions* and *Angel Pavement* behind him, Mr. Priestley rises to even greater heights in his latest work

The idea for *English Journey* may have occurred to him while he was writing that ironical fantasy *Wonder Hero*. In the course of that book, you will remember, there is a description of a derelict town in the North and of the air of hopeless apathy in which its people lived, a picture as unforgettable as it was true.

And now, with the publication of THEY WALK IN THE CITY (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), J. B. Priestley has returned to the long novel, the form which first brought him prominence. Dickens, Fielding, Smollett, Thackeray, Dostoievsky—all the ghosts of the great masters—have been and will be exhorted to prove that Priestley is this, or is lacking in that. Must he be every thing but just Priestley? Are our contemporary critical eyes so close to him that his original genius is out of focus? Why is it not possible to recognise his genius, his originality (for there is none like him writing to-day) without being accused of idolatrous indiscrimination? If, like all great artists, he is derivative, what is gained in disparagement by seeking sources and making comparisons?

There have been other great picaresque novelists, but has not Priestley stamped the form for ever with his own individuality? I am as aware of his faults and weaknesses as the next man, but why finick with ha'porths of tar when a magnificent creation fills the eye? Dickens did this and that, but Priestley also does this and that, and is as unlike Dickens in the doing of it as the chalk and the cheese.

They said he wrote fairy tales: he didn't. He wrote of life as he saw it, and of men and women as he had observed them. But, by Gum, if they wanted a fairy story how about one on the Hansel and Gretel theme?

The sub-title of *They Walk in the City* is "The Lovers in the Stone Forest." The lovers are Edward and Rose, heirs to all the heart-breaks of youth, plighting their troth on their native Yorkshire moor, losing each other, and finally coming together in the stone forest of the great city which is London. With all the eager receptiveness of the very young, added to the bewilderment of being strange to London and lost in the place, these two meet with adventures in which the action grows swifter and swifter until it culminates in melodrama. And then, having been absorbed in a story rich in the texture of London scenes, abounding with minor characters, some of whom we are reluctant to leave, we realise, in the sharp action of the end, that there is a deeper meaning behind this modern fairy tale, disturbing in its symbolism.

As for the book's literary quality, let this passage speak for itself.

"Happiness cannot be adequately described, and that is why we read so little about it, while the dark wastes that lie around it are strewn with millions of words.

"But the day shall have its chapter, even though the bloom is not there, nor the deep tender mystery of it.

"This happiness is the rare blossom upon the tree of our life, as rare as the suns of warmth and light in the black cold interstellar places.

"It is also a mystery, for though it seems to spring from the core of life, it does not quite belong to this world, which is bewildering enough if, as we are told, we are the children of this planet and the centre of our being is here.

"So now for happiness, for the flower that comes at last out of the dark ground; the fragrance of primrose and violet after the rotted reek of winter; the flash of the fabled blue-wing; blackbirds fluting it in misty orchards; the ship long overdue entering the harbour mouth; all the sheaves bound and the vast moon rising; garlanded landfalls in the South Pacific; the fog lifting and the landing-ground clear; the sudden smile of a friend in some God-forsaken hole; moonlight among the Meistersingers; a brick wall in the enchanted country of Vermeer; the last experiment finished and not a loophole anywhere; an eight-pound son turning his face to suck; the epic written and outside the glitter of stars; the bulge and weight of stockings in the dark of Christmas morning; the Cease Fire and not a lad missing; the last task completed and every promise kept, and your grandchild putting your chair out in the sun."

There you have Priestley at his very best, and there you have a reason why this book will go straight to the heart of the public as surely and enduringly as any of the great books of the past. It is with them he has walked in the City which they have builded, and it is with them he will find the greatest reward any novelist can achieve.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MORTIMER.—MURDERS AT THE LAKES. By G. L. Jennings. 7s. 6d. MELROSE.—BUFFO: The Baboon and Watchers of the Wilds. By W. S. Chadwick. Illustrated by Dorothy Kay. 10s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE. By Max Saltmarsh. 7s. 6d. SOLOMON, MY SON! By John Erskine. 7s. 6d. LIMPING SWAY. By Joseph McCulloch. 7s. 6d. THE WORLD'S WORK LTD.—MURDER ON "B" DECK. By Vincent Starrett. 7s. 6d. THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS.—DEVON SHELL GUIDE. By John Betjeman. 2s. 6d. F. H. AYRES, LTD.—AYRES' LAWN TENNIS ALMANACK, 1936. Edited by A. Wallis Myers. 5s. BANBURY PUBLISHING COMPANY.—INVESTMENT IN PROPERTY. By Ronald B. Sunnucks. Foreword by Sir Enoch Hill and the Right Hon. the Viscount Bertie of Thame. 2nd edition. 1s. CRESSET PRESS.—MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES. By H. G. Wells. 3s. 6d. HERBERT JOSEPH.—DAYS OF MY YOUTH. By Darcy Butterworth Kitchin. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—BY AND LARGE. By Admiral Sir Harry Domvile. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—ELECTRICITY FOR BOYS. By Ellison Hawks. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—THE KING OF GAMES. By Frank Woolley. Foreword by W. H. Patterson. 6s. THE BLACK FLAME. By John Halstead. 7s. 6d. RIDER.—A MESSAGE FROM ARUNACHALA. By Paul Brunton. 5s. ROUTLEDGE.—A MILLIONAIRE IN MEMORIES. By Frank Gerald. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. SKEFFINGTON.—WANDERINGS IN YUGOSLAVIA. By Nora Alexander. Illustrated. 18s. STUDIO PUBLICATIONS.—GLIMPSES OF OLD JAPAN FROM JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS: "Landscape," by C. G. Holme; "Figure," by C. G. Holme. 5s. each vol. HOW TO USE YOUR MINIATURE CAMERA. By Ivan Dmitri. 10s. 6d. WITHERBY.—MORE MEMORIES OF A MAGISTRATE: Including Twenty-five Years on the South African Bench. By Napier Devitt. 8s. 6d. PHILIP ALLAN.—CANOEING. By William G. Luscombe. 5s. BATSFORD.—BATSFORD'S PICTORIAL GUIDES: No. 4, Hamburg. 2s. 6d. GEOFFREY BLES.—WINTER'S END. By Edward Holstius. 7s. 6d. CAPTAIN OVERBOARD. By Fred Andreas. 7s. 6d. AGAINST THE TIDE. By Mabel Lethbridge. 8s. 6d. BORISWOOD.—YOU MUST BREAK OUT SOMETIMES AND OTHER STORIES. By T. O. Beachcroft. 7s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—RUBS OF THE GREEN. By Bernard Darwin. 7s. 6d. THE DISTRIBUTIST LEAGUE.—AN ESSAY ON THE RESTORATION OF PROPERTY. By Hilaire Belloc. 1s. JOHN MURRAY.—THE OLD LADY. By C. E. Lawrence. 7s. 6d. JAMES LYLE MACKAY, 1ST EARL OF INCHCAPE. By Hector Bolitho. Illustrated. 15s.

In Rural England Yesterday

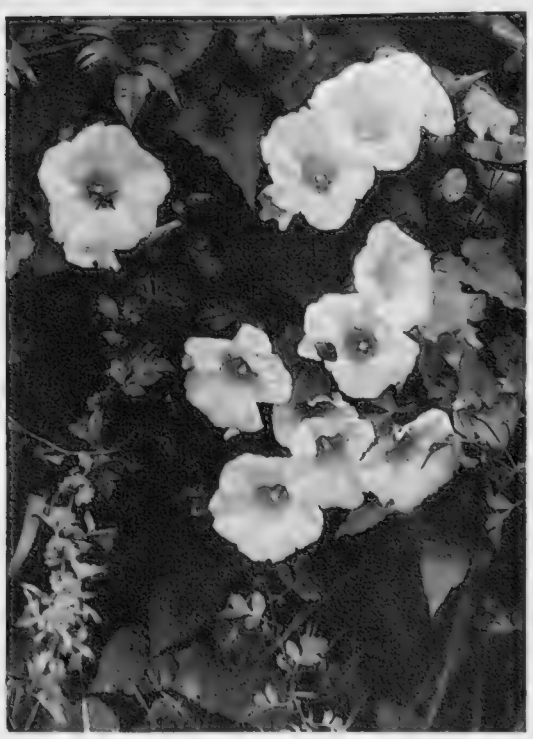
John Topham

MOWING THE ROADSIDE VERGE: A pair-horse machine at work on the London—Hastings Road, near Chelsfield, Kent. Though the grass is as a rule strong and healthy it is never made into hay, accumulations of dust from the highway entirely destroying what usefulness it might have had as fodder

Douglas Went

THE GLORY OF THE HEDGEROW: Wild roses blooming in a Suffolk field, a county where they are usually particularly abundant and have been looking their best

THE SNAIL IN THE ROLE OF FAKIR: The enormous elasticity of this creature's body, which appears to consist of a single soft muscle, is evidenced in the remarkable experiment illustrated above, which shows it drawing itself over the sharp edge of a razor without coming to any harm. Snails living on land are descended from water-snails whose motions of swimming they have inherited and employ as they glide along in the slime they themselves have deposited



FLOWERS OF THE FIELD: *Left*—The lovely convolvulus, its showy white blooms a constant attraction for the bumble bee seeking the honey it secretes. There are about 1,000 species of *Convolvulaceae* which are found in all but the coldest parts of the world. *Right*—Cow parsley and wild roses in a field at Denham St. Mary, Suffolk

Black Darts on Diagonal Tweed

NEWS ABOUT TWEEDS

TWEEDS for the North—tweeds for the early autumn—tweeds to wear in town as well as in the country—they are fashion news this autumn. Here, on the left, is a perfect suit, rural or urban in its outlook, according to its surroundings.

It is made in black and white diagonally striped rough-surfaced tweed, the jacket neatly waisted, with black bindings and black darts on the pockets.

The skirt has a pleat at each side of the front and back panels, and the price of the suit is 6 guineas at Lillywhite's, of 24 Regent Street.

Below is the matching coat that accompanies this suit. It has wide revers, a pleat at the back, a narrow leather belt, and it costs 6½ guineas.

IT is early yet to make any general forecast for the autumn, but one thing is certain—tweeds will be tremendously important. They are being made in new fine weaves, they are being handled with imagination, and they are made in the most fascinating combinations of unexpected colours.

There are signs that the loose swagger coat will not be entirely banished, but it is decidedly less popular than it has been during the last year. Jackets mostly fit the figure neatly. Many of them have inset belts or half belts, with fullness between the waist and the yoke at the back, while one of the novelties of the early autumn collections is a straight jacket—not the sort that is used to hamper people's movements, but one that allows them complete freedom, since it is waistless, and hangs straight from the shoulders to the hips, without fullness.

Skirts remain slender, fullness at the hem being given by side pleats, by centre inverted pleats, or by slits which have a deep fold under them. There is also a feeling for gored and for bias-cut skirts, very simple, and cut rather high at the waist.

Sweaters are mostly plain almost to the point of severity, but scarves more than make up for this by being so gay that they seem to have all the most vivid colours mixed in a glorious medley. There are hand-knitted squares and lace-wool triangles, boldly checked, or patterned rather like a rug. Or, when the suit is patterned, there are plain scarves embroidered with a large initial, and others made of a heavy ribbed and crinkled taffeta.

Mainly Personal

CANADA IN LONDON: Pilgrims from the Dominion, who attended the recent war memorial unveiling at Vimy, have been thronging the metropolis during the past ten days or so, their official headdress (the beret) making them easily recognisable figures wherever they may go. *Left above*—A party of them at the Cenotaph. *Right above*—At the Buckingham Palace "At Home," where they were addressed by the King

HOME FROM THE STATES: Gladys Cooper (Lady Pearson) and her daughter Sally, who is now six years old, at Waterloo Station on returning to London after a year's stay in America. They came over on the *Britannic*

RHYTHM FROM THE EAST: Mira Devi, an Indian, rehearsing her "Dance of the Celestial Nymph" for the Exhibition of Dances and Music of Many Lands organized at The Elms, Spaniards Road, Hampstead, by the World Council of the Fellowship of Faiths

SCHUBERT AGAIN CHARMS LONDON: Helen Gilliland and Charles Mayhew in *Lilac Time* at the Coliseum, the play of Schubert's life, which remains to-day as big a box-office attraction as ever. George Graves and Maurice D'Oisly are also in the cast

PREPARING FOR MAY 1937: Lord Onslow leaving after attending a meeting of the Court of Claims, members of which are engaged in examining the claims of various people to participate in the Coronation

WISE MAN FROM THE EAST: Vajira nana Thera, a Buddhist monk from Ceylon, who has achieved the distinction of being the first member of his faith to graduate as a Doctor of Philosophy at an English University

RISEN FROM THE RANKS: Mr. George Abbis, who joined the force as a constable, has been appointed Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police in succession to Lieut.-Colonel Sir Percy Laurie, who has retired

NEW G.W.R. CHIEF: Mr. F. R. Potter is another who has risen from the ranks. He started as a booking-clerk at West Drayton, and now the Great Western Railway Company have made him the Superintendent of the line

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

Events in London and the Provinces

IN OLD-TIME HATTON GARDEN

The unveiling of the Historical Memorial at St. Andrew's School, Hatton Garden, by the Mayor of Holborn, Councillor H. W. Langdon, the inception of which was due to Mr. E. Kilburn Scott, who compiled the historical data given on the plaque. The Rev. E. C. Bedford, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, presided and is seen making his opening speech

COMMEMORATING FAMOUS MEN

A reproduction of the plaque at St. Andrew's School, which contains the names of the people of note who lived in Hatton Garden from the earliest times

INDIA'S FORMER VICEROY

Amid scenes of brilliant pageantry Lord Willingdon was installed Lord Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports at Dover Castle on Thursday of last week. He is seen on the right chatting with the Seneschal, R. E. Knocker

WELCOMING A STAR

Miss Marlene Dietrich, the famous film actress, at a reception given in her honour at Claridge's when she arrived in England from Hollywood. She is to make a film in this country with Robert Donat, who is seen seated next to her

FLORAL FÊTE

The picturesque annual battle of flowers which took place in Jersey, delighting thousands of visitors to the Channel Islands who flocked there to see this Continental form of gaiety

RESTORING A FAMOUS BRIDGE

Repairs being carried out to the old bridge at Eynsford, Kent, which was in danger of being demolished. Thanks to the intervention of the Minister of Transport, the old structure is being retained

This England . . .

Near Milton Abbas, Dorset.

IT TAKES, they say, three hundred years to make an English lawn (and nowhere else will you find such turf). Men and methods, too, mature slowly on this strong land—but they do it exceeding well. It is for this reason that a beer such as Worthington—slowly and carefully brewed in an age-long tradition—will always hold pride of place. And it is because this instinct for maturity is in the roots of your being, Englishman, you call Worthington "good beer."

THE DANGERS OF THE ALPINE MOUNTAINEERING SEASON *(Continued from p. 214)*

without breaking, i.e., an 11 st. man falling puts a sudden strain of 3½ tons on the rope at the end of a 30 ft. drop. But this puts a 3½ ton strain on the man's ribs if he falls clear. After a heavy fall of snow these glaciers often appear as safe as an English meadow in winter time. But underneath the blanket of snow lie the crevasses, all the more deadly for being hidden. They must be crossed and in the heat of the sun the "bridges" become weak and collapse when trodden upon. Or melting snow comes adrift from the ice slopes and cascades down in the form of an avalanche. In either case the end is much the same unless the rope holds.

Storms, the terror of every climber, are a common occurrence. A hot sun may suddenly become blotted out by clouds and a biting wind and whirling, stinging snow take the place of the sun's rays. With all landmarks obliterated, visibility down to nil, and the cold gradually penetrating the brain of a climber, he becomes lost, tired, careless. Any one of these results of a storm upon the climber is enough to cause his end. Not only tourist climbers but experts as well die in storms.

To reach his chosen summit a mountaineer may have perfect weather, but on his return the weather may have changed and he will have to fight for his life. One cannot be a fair-weather climber only.

Added to the danger of insecure rock holds, ice-encrusted rock, slippery glaciers, wind, rock and snow avalanches, sun blindness, frostbite, come—cold and cloud. Often the mountaineer has to weigh every decision, test every step, be ever on the alert, and the price of carelessness, lack of craft, and sometimes sheer bad luck will cause his name to be added to the ever-growing list of casualties.

After a bad day the climber swears he will never climb again, but a cognac and a hot bath give the mountain bug his chance, and whilst the night is still young, another expedition is being arranged!

THE SEVEN NEUTRALS *(Continued from page 216)*

as unenviable a position as Denmark, in view of the proximity of the Red Army.

It may be that Finland's case gives us a new and general line on what to expect in the future from the Northern Four of our Seven Neutrals.

A Swede may insist: "Independence is best. We neutrals must try to bring a better understanding to Europe, but we must be left alone!"

A Norwegian may declaim: "We're going to be friendly with all. No common front against Germany or anybody else!"

CONTINUATIONS

A Finn may announce something rather more real. As likely as not he will admit frankly that a tacit understanding exists with Germany, by which the latter will be allowed to send ships and men across to Finland in the event of war supervening between the Reich and Russia.

The fact is that among the Baltic Four, one found an unmistakable undercurrent which might be summed up thus: "We depended on England more than on the League for our security. Obviously England is backing out of the Baltic—making way for Germany. Alone the Naval Agreement with Berlin shows that. Well, of the two local choices left to us, we definitely opt for attaching ourselves to the German group."

Another cause of attraction towards Germany is that this country is now buying heavily once more, though how and when payment is to ensue may be another story. However, these hard-headed Northern traders, who felt so severely their lost market over Sanctions (although this was good as the only practical contribution to Geneva it was in their power to make) smell fresh business that will compensate for latter falling-off with Britain—so let us look at this Swastika a moment! Our good friends are no doubt too prone to overlook the fact that the trade balance with the United Kingdom remains heavily in their favour, though there is nothing like coldness towards us: just criticism plus an increasing tendency to observe that Swastika.

At the other end of the earth, as it were, is the last of the chain of "Neutrals"—Spain, with her 22,000,000 population, well on the way to as many as all the others combined. If Spain doesn't go Red, she should go Fascist: that alone divides her basically from the other six. But it is with the Spanish armed forces, and their being employed to defend liberty, as Spanish statesmen expatiate about it, that we are concerned. Chiefly, these forces have been known for their capacity for internal revolt.

The high ideals of the Seven are not doubted, nor is there the slightest intention to belittle or even to challenge the titles to greatness that many of the "Neutrals" can show. The point is that such among them as can might be better advised strengthening their own right arms than requiring others to weaken theirs. Instead of reading moral lessons in this Europe the Seven might with greater advantage to themselves and others become so individually strong in their own small way (not so small in one or two cases) as to exercise a definite influence deterring aggression when this involves their own latitudes, which is hardly the same thing as their own borders. It is, of course, a matter completely for our Seven to hitch themselves where and how they will, though some of them may, owing to an over-readiness to "attach" themselves to certain systems totally divergent from their own free philosophy, live to regret it should they jib at money sacrifices which would render them individually strong.

THE LURE OF SMALL BOATS

(Continued from page 226)

prepared for a dirty beat. Everything seemed set for a fine race when fate dealt us one of those nasty smacks which no amount of foresight can avoid. I was beginning to think about lunch, when crack went a shackle on the weather backstay and away down the bow went the hollow topmast with topsail, genoa halliards, stays, preventors, and what not, which made a rare cat's cradle as they were gradually gathered in on the lee side. The topmost shrouds jammed in the end of the spreaders, and someone had to go out to the yardarm with a hack-saw to abolish the pin which held them. After that it was mainly a matter of patiently unravelling the miles and miles of wire which covered the whole deck."

In conclusion, it was quite recently that the man who was not prepared to spend £200 on his yachting had to content himself usually with some sort of fishing boat conversion. This was not ideal because nine times out of ten it meant that the boat in question was no longer fit for her real work. To-day for the same money you can buy a real yacht with none of the faults of a custom-built fisherman. The keel, stem, timbers and heavy floors will all be of English oak. Plans are of Russian larch or Norwegian spruce; and the sails of Egyptian cotton. For this money you can have two settee berths in the cabin, a rack in the forepeak and a part bulk-headed galley. Included in the price would be bunk cushions, a 28 lb. anchor and 15 fathoms of chain, boathook, mop and buckets, and a bilge pump.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In the Society's Homes and Training Ship are 1,100 children who are being given a real chance in life, and are being trained to be good and useful men and women. The boys in the Homes are trained for civil life, while the boys in the Training Ship *Arethusa* are trained for the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy. The girls are trained for domestic service. The Society are making an urgent appeal for funds to assist them in their great work, and all donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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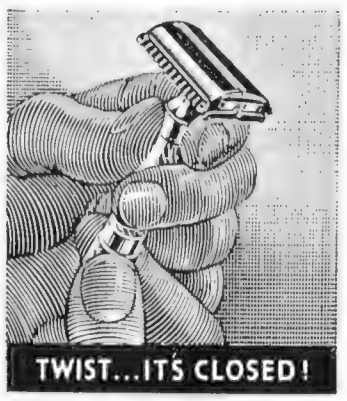

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● Prices shown do not apply in I.F.S

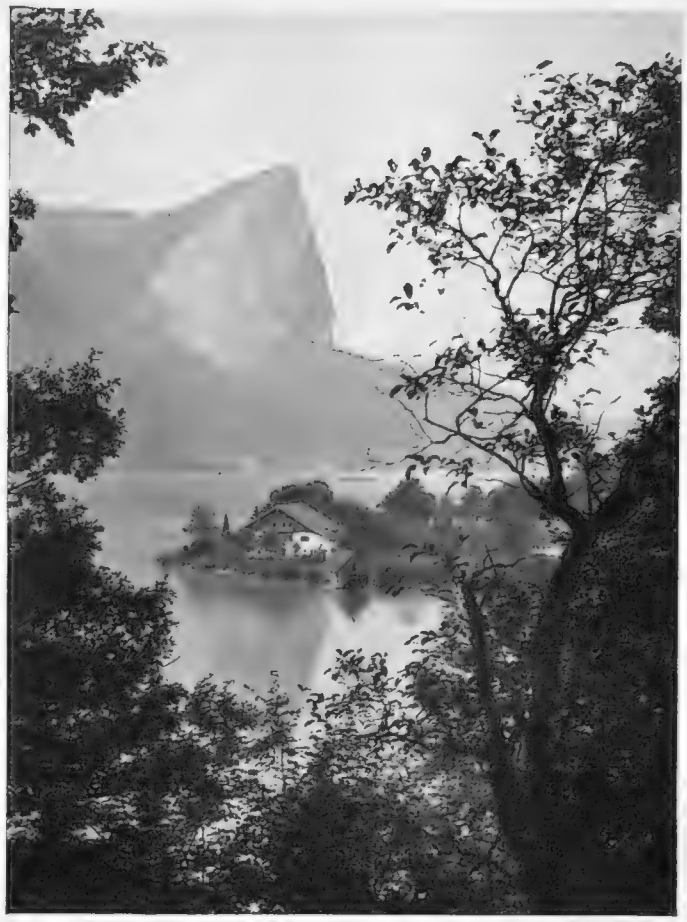
By Lake and Rock in the Salzkammergut

ABOUT a year ago I tried, in these columns, to survey pretty well the whole of Austria from the holiday maker's point of view, within the limits of a single article. The temptation to linger over each particular district was so strong, however, that I promised myself to stick to a much narrower field, if the opportunity of writing about Austria should occur again. Now it has occurred, and the obvious choice, for me at any rate, is the Salzkammergut, because in the latter half of August 1934, after tasting for a few days Salzburg's cultural and aesthetic joys, I set off on a walking tour of this district which proved one of the most enjoyable holidays I have ever taken.

To leave Salzburg is always rather a wrench, especially in August, when the festival, with its marvellous opera and concert programmes, is still on. But to forsake its known delights for others quite hypothetical, in the middle of a violent thunderstorm and equipped only with a rucksack, would have seemed to me the sheerest folly, had it not been for the comforting reflection, born of previous experience, that whatever you do in Austria generally turns out for the best.

There is a little electric train that goes to Mondsee, and this I caught at about half-past five in the afternoon, finding myself promptly engulfed by a flood of stalwart farmers, returning home after a day's business in town. One always has the vague aspiration when one is abroad to see something of the "real life of the country," and here I was, within five minutes of leaving Salzburg, where the English-speaking minority had seemed altogether to predominate, with the real life of the country all round me, and the air so thick with tobacco smoke that I could hardly see whether it was still raining. The German I spoke sounded rather anæmic against the farmers' fulsome dialect; but they wanted to talk—about the harvest, about the weather (which to-morrow would undoubtedly be excellent again), about why foreigners came to Austria, and what it might be like in England—and soon one was feeling very much at home. Most of them had got out at small wayside stops before Mondsee was reached. Then it began to grow prematurely dusk and the rain came on harder than ever, so that I felt rather less at home again, and by the time the journey came to an end was ready to take refuge in the first hotel I caught sight of, in an entirely deserted square, seeking such consolation as might be derived from beer, *wiener Schnitzel*, and an early bed.

By next morning, however, the farmers' change of weather had taken place. It was a new world I stepped out into. The square was radiant with sunlight and the gabled houses, with their brightly painted shutters and well-filled window boxes, might for all the world have been copied from a child's picture book. And the fresh, clean air had just that suspicion of a smell of roasting coffee which I have always regarded as one of the chief rewards of going abroad. I do not think there are any particular "sights" to be seen at Mondsee—or if there are I did not see them, for I spent half the morning bathing and the other half walking along the left bank of the lake (the apple trees were heavy with fruit and the meadows sprinkled with autumn crocuses) to Piehl Auhof, where I came upon an hotel right down by the water's edge, and having stopped there for lunch stopped also for tea, and then for dinner, and finally for the night. The position was lovely, for it looked straight over towards the steep slopes of the Schafberg, which is the highest mountain (not quite 6,000 ft.) in those parts. If I were writing a guide book I should give this place three stars: one for the view, one for not being too fashionable, and one because of the two-and-a-half wholly peaceful hours I spent sun-bathing on a raft during the afternoon.



MONDSEE FOR THE PICTURESQUE: The beauties of this little lake deserve to be much better known among tourists. This particular viewpoint shows Piehl in the middle distance with the striking bluff of the Drachenstein towering above the opposite bank

FRESH-WATER BATHING AMONG AUSTRIAN PEAKS: Gmunden is delightfully situated on the north shore of the Traunsee at a height of approximately 1390 ft. Among its many amenities is a splendid bathing beach of silvery sand

A word now about the Schafberg; it is the centre round which three of the biggest Salzkammergut lakes are grouped, the Mondsee, the Attersee, and the Wolfgangsee. From St. Wolfgang there is a mountain railway that takes you to the top, where you can eat, drink, be merry, and enjoy some very good views of the whole district. Most people seem to consider the Wolfgangsee the best of these three lakes, but I am inclined to think that this may be partly on account of the famous White Horse Inn at St. Wolfgang itself. No hotel has surely ever had a better advertisement than that of being chosen as the scene of a spectacular stage production which played for months in almost every European capital. I doubt whether St. Wolfgang has quite recovered from it yet, or indeed, whether it ever will. At the same time, though, it is only fair to say that it has done much to deserve its popularity and is unquestionably a very good place for a lively holiday. St. Gilgen, on the Wolfgangsee, is also "well spoken of," as they say in Baedeker, but I did not go there. I did, however, go to Strobl, right at the other end of the lake, and liked the look of it very much.

Another place that I also liked was Unterach, on the Attersee. It is a long, straggling village with a number of smallish hotels and pensions; unpretentious but very friendly, and I spent some few days there feeling thoroughly contented. The Attersee is the largest of the three lakes in question, and at the southern end of it, where Unterach is situated, the mountains (the Höllengebirge) rise fairly steeply on one side.

My final destination was Gmunden at the head of the Traunsee, and I arrived there late one evening, after a longish walk across a fairly high ridge of hills, by paths which did not appear to correspond to any that were marked on the map. I was rather surprised to get there at all, and my first glimpse of the lake and the twinkling lights was very welcome. Gmunden turned out to be much more of a town than any I had been in hitherto. In many ways it reminded me of Lucerne, although it is not, of course, anything like so big and cosmopolitan as that.

With Gmunden, that particular part of the holiday ended. I do not know how far I may have succeeded, by this description of its somewhat uneventful course, in conveying an idea of the freshness and unfailing charm of the Salzkammergut, but I am sure that if any readers should eventually feel inclined to go and see it for themselves (more detailed information can, of course, be supplied by THE SPHERE Travel Bureau), they will not feel that they have been done a disservice.

Richard Nowell

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

BY THE SHORES OF THE WOLFGANGSEE: The village of St. Wolfgang contains a Gothic church with interesting details, including a fine carved altar-piece by Pacher of Bruneck (1481). There is much material for the artist here

BATHED IN SUMMER LIGHT: St. Wolfgang is one of the most popular resorts of the Salzkammergut district. To wake on a summer morning in one of the lakeside hostelries is to experience the true delights of this district

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS

IN THE SUNNIEST POSITION ON THE SEA FRONT

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of three acres. Excellent cooking. Every comfort. Fully licensed. Bedrooms with balconies and electric fires. Hot and cold water throughout. Own garage for 30 cars—with private lock-ups. Telephone 40.

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In Quest of

Storrs Hall Hotel, on the a Haven of

THE month of August being the peak of the holiday season I am reminded through my daily post bag of the old game of "General Post." West seeks east, south turns northwards, and so on, all scrambling for last moment accommodation. Presumably everyone will find a vacant seat and bed, but it is none too easy at the eleventh hour to find just *the* spot. For myself I shall retire to the seclusion of my garden and only emerge in September, when the roads are freer and there is a wider choice of accommodation and when, I hope, the weather will be fine.

Already I am beginning to get enquiries for the best places at which to stay in September and later months, and for anyone who is contemplating the Lake District I will write about an hotel which I have recently visited which has a definite country house atmosphere.

If there is one month in the year when the Lakes are indeed good to look upon it is September, and particularly the latter half, when the autumn tints reveal this district in different clothing.

Where can one stay in the Lakes? I am asked. It so much depends on requirements. There is the grandeur of the district around Keswick about which I will write next week, or there is the tranquillity of the shores of Lake Windermere where, if you know the right spot, the sounds of cars, trains, or trippers are unknown.

I have come across people who have rather shunned Windermere owing to the tripper element at certain times of the year, but once they have stayed, as I have, at Storrs Hall Hotel, which is completely tucked away from the world at large, yet is only two miles from Bowness, they will agree with me that here is to be found peace, perfection, and sweet repose.

The site was selected by Sir John Legard, Bart., a West Indian merchant, early in the eighteenth century, for a quiet and unpretentious residence far from the busy haunts of men. He chose it for—firstly, its beautiful position and, secondly, for its cellars, where he could store his smuggled rum and an occasional slave or two.

After his death it came into the hands of another West Indian merchant, one John Bolton, a man of influence who entertained royally, and in consequence the room in which you may one day sleep may have been occupied by Canning, Christopher North, Shelley, Wordsworth, Southey or other celebrities of the time.

After John Bolton's death the Hall passed through various hands, and when eventually it was purchased for use as an hotel a new wing was added and other exterior alterations and additions made. To-day the beauty of the site is unimpaired, and at Storrs Hall you will still find the country house atmosphere

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

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in the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

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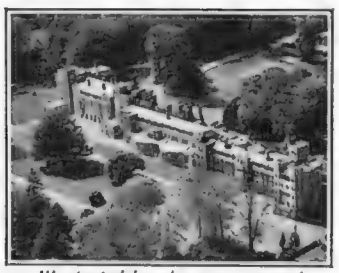

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Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Carlton Hotel. 'Phone 656.
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Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
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Carlyon Bay.—St. Austell Bay Hotel.
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Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel. Tel. 3015-3016.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel. Tel. 761 and 762.
Haywards Heath.—The Birch Hotel.
Keswick, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel.
Keswick (English Lakes).—The Borrowdale Htl.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Shores of Lake Windermere, Peaceful Seclusion

that past generations have enjoyed, plus all that you would wish for in the really first class hotel.

The night I arrived there, I was in the mood for such a tranquil spot. I had been travelling in my car for the best part of two whole days, and I felt as if I never wished to see a car again. But after meeting Mr. and Mrs. Warren, who have been the resident proprietors of Storrs Hall for a number of years, I "came back to life" and wandered out across the springy Cumberland turf of the lawns down to the water's edge of the lake, where nothing disturbed the silence except the lapping of the waves.

Later I renewed my acquaintance with the 25 acres of grounds, enjoyed a round on the miniature golf course, wandered around the many meandering paths which cut through those parts of the grounds that have been so sensibly left wild, walked out to the hotel's own pier and, if it had not been for the lateness of the hour, might have been tempted to signal (the privilege of visitors at Storrs Hall Hotel) the passing lake steamer for a cruise around the lake.

All the windows of the hotel have beautiful views. I tried to write a letter but could not take my eye off the changing lights on the far-distant hills. I slept like a top, and when I awoke my first thought again was the view.

Everything is done in extremely good taste at Storrs Hall. There was no need to, but one wished to dress for dinner, and certainly the dinner warranted such sartorial preparation. It was excellent, and though the contents of the menu are now forgotten I shall always remember the exceedingly well-trained and pleasing looking waitresses, a great asset to any meal!

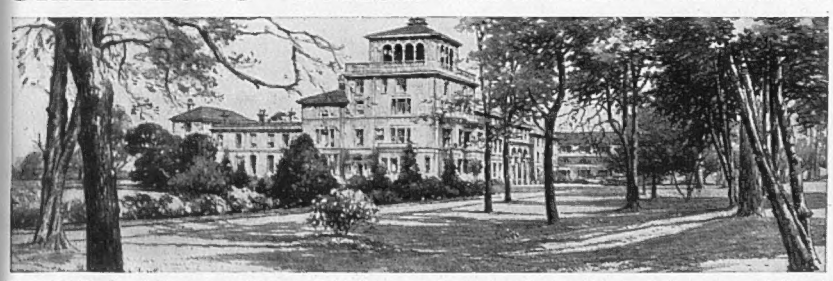
Another point I could not help noting was the particularly nice type of people who were staying there. Though it was not yet full season, and the English summer had not arrived, here were some forty people, mostly "dressed," all well "turned out," enjoying a dinner amidst such peaceful surroundings that we might have been 1,000 miles from London instead of 264 miles.

Storrs Hall Hotel might not suit everybody, but it is *the* most perfect spot for those who seek rest, peacefulness, and good air. It would suit families, as young children are specially catered for, and being away from the main road they are free from the danger of the modern motorist!

It is a perfect spot for a honeymoon, for I could not imagine the course of true love flowing anything but dead straight in such surroundings.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE



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Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
Stratford-on-Avon.—Edstone Hall Guesthouse.
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WRITE FOR TARIFF

PEEBLES HYDRO

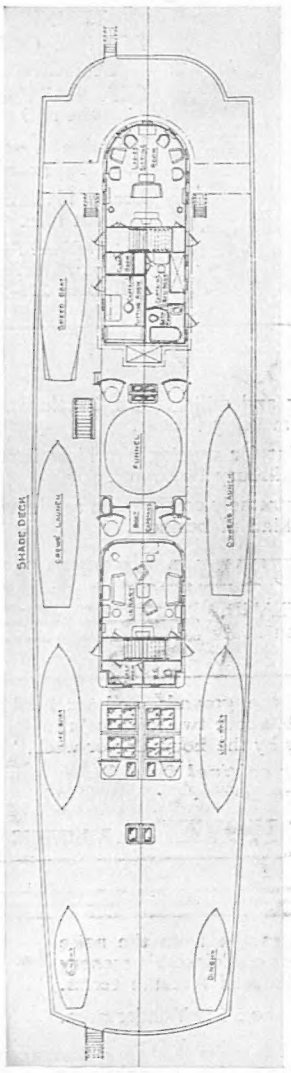
Dalmatia: The Adriatic Paradise Where the King is Going on Holiday

By C. F. MELVILLE

KING EDWARD VIII's yachting cruise down the Dalmatian coast, where he will visit the Boy-King Peter, the Dowager Queen Marija and Prince Regent Paul of Yugoslavia, coincides with the holiday in that country which the Duke and Duchess of Kent will be spending with the latter's sister, Princess Olga. Thus the links of sentiment between Britain and Yugoslavia are being strengthened by Royalty on holiday.

Dalmatia, the Riviera of Yugoslavia, has other and earlier associations with Britain, for the British Mediterranean Fleet during recent years has been a frequent and welcome visitor to the Dalmatian ports. Dalmatia has a long seafaring and naval tradition of its own, dating back to the days of the old Venetian Republics. To-day its inlets and ports form the home of the small but efficient navy of modern Yugoslavia. Many a British naval officer, middy, and A.B. has grateful memories of warm-hearted Slavonic hospitality.

Dalmatia, long renowned amongst the *cognoscenti* as a veritable paradise by the sea, is now becoming popular amongst a much wider number of travellers. Touristically it is now definitely on the map. Whereas a few years ago a comparatively small number of people set out from Britain to spend their holidays there, to-day nearly a hundred a day is the figure.



"SHADE" DECK OF THE ROYAL CRUISE YACHT: A plan showing the position of the library, the ladies' sitting room, the captain's quarters, and the boats. *Nahlin* was designed by Messrs. G. L. Watson, the naval architects, and built by Messrs. John Brown under their supervision

Now Dalmatia is entering upon a new phase. Following the example set by British Royalty, Society has discovered its charms. Dalmatia is now definitely smart. More beautiful in many ways than the French Riviera, and safe from the proximity of political disturbance, it also has the virtue, not to be underestimated, of being infinitely cheaper.

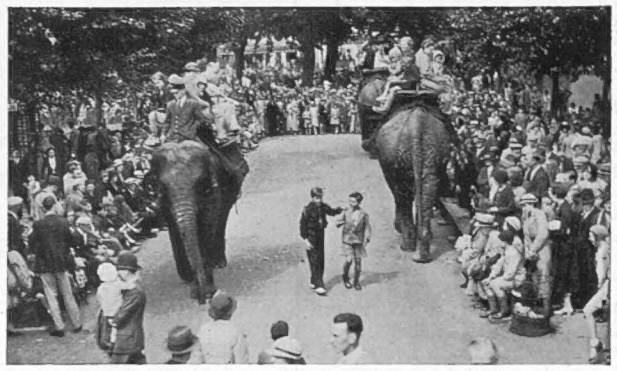
Dubrovnic, Spalato, Kotor — where the King's yacht *Nahlin* will put in—these are magical names, conjuring up a wonderful picture in which are merged the cultures of Roman antiquity, medieval Venice and a Slavdom which, although as old as either, differs from them in being alive and virile to-day. The Dalmatians comprise a fusion of Serbs and Croats, yet have their own individuality. Most of modern Yugoslavia's artists and poets come from this sea-board province. Mestrovitch, the world-renowned sculptor, was once a peasant lad, tending sheep on the Dalmatian uplands.

The Dalmatians are a particularly handsome people. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, on one of his visits there, declared that Dalmatia had the prettiest girls in the world. On the other hand, the "Dalmatian" dog seems to be a more familiar sight in Britain than in Dalmatia. This is a mystery which even the Dalmatians themselves are unable to clear up.

Dalmatia has, in its time—and in modern times, too—been a bone of political contention. Before the war it was Austrian, and now, as a result of the war, it forms part of Yugoslavia, the land of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. It has not escaped the jealous eye of the new Italy. Italy has more than once looked across the waters of the Adriatic at that beautiful coastline and remembered the traces left by imperial Rome and medieval Venice.

SOLITUDE BY THE SEA: This picture, taken on Brighton beach last Saturday—the first day of Bank Holiday week-end—epitomises the recently prevailing weather conditions, which have been such a dismal disappointment to holiday-makers

ON THE FRONT AT HASTINGS: Another dreary Bank Holiday week-end scene as promenaders took shelter from the rain



INSUBORDINATION AT THE ZOO: Sally (the elephant on the left) on duty in Regent's Park on Bank Holiday, when she carried hosts of juvenile passengers. Last week she disgraced herself by making a bolt for her quarters before the children she was joyriding had dismounted. The youngsters had a very exciting ride and were taken right to the stable door

TRAGEDY OF THE AIR: Wreckage being brought ashore at St. Aubin, Jersey after being identified as belonging to the Jersey Airways 'plane, *Cloud of Iona*, which was lost in the Channel on Friday of last week. There were ten people on board and all hope for them was abandoned on Sunday

A PRETTY COUNTRY WEDDING: The Honourable Pamela Dillon, only daughter of Viscount Dillon, experiencing trouble with her veil in the high wind as she arrived at St. Kenelm's Church, Oxfordshire, for her marriage to Viscount Cranley

Running the Gauntlet Through Troubled Spain

(*Continued from page* 212)

Gradually we drew out of this rampant "Red" district, and so into the province of Burgos. The city itself was in the hands of the military rebels also—there seemed to be a large garrison and all was quiet and apparently normal. Though we were interrogated by guards, no question whatever was made as to our being allowed through; more interest was shown in the news from the towns we had been through. Not one of these occupied towns had any idea at all what was going on in the next town, or which side held the upper hand anywhere else. The same state of affairs obtained in Vitoria, though the guards at the entrance appeared to be Government troops and Civil Guards—who told us things were bad at San Sebastian; while at the other end of the town, the garrison was obviously Rebel Army, because an officer we spoke to informed us all was well in San Sebastian, and they now had it in their hands! So we could proceed with equanimity! All this district was strongly Fascist and the villages were patrolled by young volunteers of something rather above the ordinary labouring classes. Everywhere the Fascist sign was made as we passed, accompanied by shouts of "*Viva España*"—to which we had to respond in like sign and voice! It was the watchword now onwards—and we drove straight through many villages, without stopping, with our arms extended through the windows, shouting "*Viva España!*" The populace, from tiny tots to aged men and women, responded and seemed highly pleased to see us.

Some 20 kilometres south of Tolosa, guards (Government or "again the Government" we could no longer tell!) informed us definitely that it was hopeless to attempt to get to San Sebastian, as not only was there serious trouble there, but that access was cut off by the blowing up of the bridge! A good dame standing by joined in our conversation, having spotted my wife and weighed us up—saying, "Madame must on *no account* proceed—it is dangerous—but if she wishes, I have here in my little hotel comfortable accommodation for the night." We were sure she meant well—but we were more sure that we wanted to get to the frontier that night somehow! Consulting the map, we found we could cut down to Pamplona, and from there cross the Pyrenees at Roncesvaux, and so down to the frontier at Arnéguy. From Pamplona, by the map, this was 68 kilometres, but in the actual time it took it seemed about three times that distance, and was the worst drive I've ever experienced at the end of the longest non-stop run (we only stopped once voluntarily, for ten minutes, to eat some bread and drink a glass of wine).

At Burguete there was some doubt as to whether the frontier would be open for cars after sundown (it was already dark by now, and I had never intended to drive at night in view of the prevailing conditions); however, we were eventually assured that it would be open. The pass over the mountains was seemingly a never-ending climb of sharp, narrow S bends, followed by the equivalent descent, and then the whole thing repeated over again and then again, till one almost gave up hope and felt quite lost. Also I feared the mountain mist, shrouding the peaks and apparently descending upon us like a pall; enveloped in it we could not possibly have carried on. Mercifully it rolled back from us, or the valley took a turn, and so we evaded it. Quite suddenly we saw lights ahead, in the valley, we thought joyfully! No, they were moving, they were coming towards us! Cars, carrying we knew not what. We said nothing, but waited with bated breath, though holding our course slowly down the bends. Suddenly, the oncoming headlights blinded us as they rounded a curve, and as the first car drew within our circle of dipped lights we saw the barrels of rifles projecting from open windows; not a sign or sound was made. A second car followed immediately behind, the occupants all armed; both swirled by us—possibly as nervous of us as we were of them! Anyway, there was no marauding in that district.

Lights, genuine stationary lights, did appear ahead about 20 minutes later, and we were not disappointed this time. Never have I seen a more peaceful frontier station—the contrast was such that one felt that one had awakened from a nightmare—that the whole horror of revolution in Spain was just a very bad dream, and one was thankful to have woken up to find normality holding sway. There were no armed guards whatever—just the usual fiscal guard and the permanent customs house official; both most helpful and polite and very interested to know what was really going on in Spain—because they were quite out of it all! The fiscal guard actually came from Salamanca and had just been changed over (for some very good reason, no doubt)—so he was doubly interested in our news.

There was no trouble about the car going through—all our documents being in order; only a very cursory examination of our baggage was performed, and we were across the frontier and on French soil!

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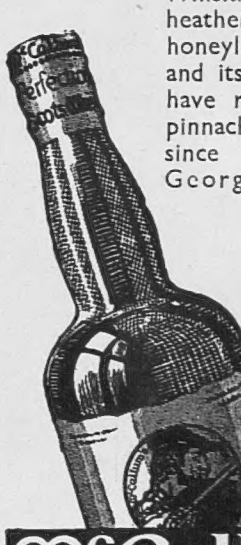

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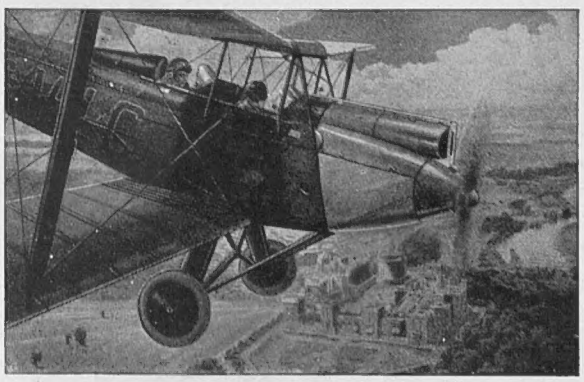

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